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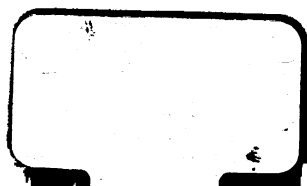


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GLEANINGS  
FROM  
"THE BLUE."



2838







# GLEANINGS

FROM

“THE BLUE.”

Being a Selection of Poetry and Prose  
From the Magazine of Christ's Hospital in the Years  
1870-71 and 1874-81.



HERTFORD :

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TO  
THE REV. P. H. ERNEST BRETTE, B.D.,  
THIS VOLUME IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,  
IN RECOGNITION OF THE KINDLY  
INTEREST AND SYMPATHY WHICH HE  
HAS SHOWN IN OUR GENERAL WELFARE,  
AND, IN PARTICULAR, FOR THE  
VALUABLE ASSISTANCE HE  
HAS LENT TO THIS  
WORK.





## PREFACE.



IN gathering together these scattered treasures from our pages, it has been our aim to represent truly the character of "THE BLUE." To satisfy every variety of age and taste is perhaps a task, the difficulty of which can be appreciated only by those who have undertaken it. Yet such has been our endeavour. It rests with our readers to decide whether we have accomplished it. We must not forget to repay by our grateful acknowledgment the debt we owe to those who have lent us their kind assistance and advice.



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## GLEANINGS FROM "THE BLUE."



### Poetry and Fame.<sup>1</sup>

Fame and her sister Poetry one day  
Came down from heaven to earth : or so they say.  
And seeking where to rest their weary feet,  
Alighted finally in Newgate-street.  
"Enough ! No longer blindly will we roam ;  
Before us we behold our future home.  
Here, where these stockinged cherubs sport and jump  
Around their cloisters and their classic pump,  
Here let us rest. In these asphalted wastes  
We'll find some spot congenial to our tastes."  
So saying, Poetry, with instinct true,  
Took refuge in the pages of *The Blue*.  
While, seeking sadly for some place to station her,  
Fame paced the Jiffs, forlorn as a Probationer ;  
Till in the window of the Lodge her eye  
A well-known visage chanced at last to spy.  
"'Tis found !" the nymph exclaimed, and with a smile  
Fame made her home the BR-T-SH J-V-NILE.

<sup>1</sup> Called forth by a short sketch of our late Head Master in the  
"British Juvenile."

## Tricks of Manner.

HISTORY has but lately ceased to be regarded as a catalogue of battles picturesquely varied by genealogies. The historical critic once expended all his researches upon the biographies of ministers or the alliances of Royal houses ; he looks now for something beyond an abstract and brief chronicle of the times ; he protests that dry bones cannot live. Perhaps it is true that we hear too much of the "ways" of public men ; still with the growth of democracy, equality is to stamp men with the same image and superscription, we are told, and it is by mannerism that the world's dead level is in some degree broken. Not rarely some slight personal peculiarity differentiates the statesman more completely than the part he plays as Grand Master in the mysteries of statecraft. The popular conception of Palmerston would be incomplete without the dry diplomatic cough which inevitably preceded an answer in the House, or a repartee at table. It is as the incarnation of mannerism rather than the author of "Rasselas," that Dr. Johnson enjoys the probably misplaced sympathy of later times. In view of the closing scenes of his reign there is a pathetic interest in Thackeray's picture of the Third George beating time with the music-score to the anthem in the Royal Chapel.

Tricks of manner are as various in kind as different in origin. Professional mannerisms are sufficiently familiar. Partly the result of constant contact with the same conditions, partly arising from the spirit of imitation pure and simple, they would seem to offer

a fresh illustration of that fashionable philosophy which teaches that personal peculiarities harden into second nature in the individual, and a tradition in the race. The actor is stamped with the seal of his profession; off the stage he is proverbially recognizable by a "touch of the quality"; on the stage, again, one star differs from another in minutiae of manner, despite the peculiarly levelling nature of the necessary education. But most interesting are those inexplicable idiosyncrasies of habit which afford no clue to their origin and growth. A well-known barrister is tonguetied until he pulls off his signet ring and places it before him. The subtle connexion of habit between the correlated actions has disappeared, and the trick remains as a mysterious survival. The jewel long outlives the oyster-shell and its occupant; itself the result of diseased conditions. Similarly the morbid habit of talking to oneself may plausibly in some cases be said to have arisen during some period of anxiety and uncertainty in a domestic crisis, when a complex problem required putting in black and white, in words if not on paper. Emerson says, "Some thoughts should not strike in." An ideal "alter ego" becomes a necessity. It would be interesting and valuable to trace the relation between heredity and these facts in the natural history as distinct from the scientific knowledge of mankind. It is certain that many of them have arisen in past and forgotten incidents in the life of the individual; like scars or prejudices, they are survivals from scenes on which the curtain has fallen long ago.

In the world of letters the same whimsies are tiresomely common. Just as in many cases "you know".



is a kind of conversational enclitic, so it is easy to recognize a journalist behind his mask by a favourite epithet or the rhythm of his periods. It is true Homer repeats himself. It is, however, proverbial that he sometimes nods. Virgil, *par excellence* the consummate artist for all time, not only never copies himself, but in treatment of subjects where the stock epithet tone would be venial even to modern ears, reads with peculiar freshness. Among modern writers Mr. Ruskin, though he moulds his sentences in a limited number of shapes, excels peculiarly in the unexpected colouring of his epithets.



## The Desperado of the Wilderness:

OR, THE MAID, THE MURDERER, AND THE DEMON  
HUNTSMAN OF ASHANTEE!

[IN compliance with the wishes of numerous correspondents, we have engaged the services of a distinguished literary gentleman—late of the *Boys of England*, *Sons of Britannia*, and other well-known journals—to write for our pages a serial tale of that class for the composition of which he is so justly famous. We regret to be unable to accompany it with the gorgeous frontispiece we caused at great expense to be prepared specially for the work by an artist of equal repute. A certain vagueness which characterized the production—perhaps due to the designer's ignorance of any incident in the tale—decided us at least to postpone

its appearance. We have it before us as we write. In the foreground is an Indian chief, armed indiscriminately with a tomahawk, a blunderbuss, a calumet of peace—as we are informed, whatever that may be—and something which appears to be a pair of tongs. He brandishes in his left hand seven gory scalps, and his gaze is fixed, doubtless for some sufficient reason, upon the setting sun, resplendent with crimson and orange paint, in the far distance. To the right stretches a vast expanse, covered with strange trees and plants of a portentous character. In the foreground are scattered numerous objects, chief among which is an article which has cost us much mental perplexity. After devoting to it the closest scrutiny, we have concluded it to be either a warming-pan or a half-opened umbrella, but we waver, and our judgment must not be taken as final. This is disappointing; still, our energetic artist tells us, over a confidential glass at the bar of the *Pig and Whistle*, that he has several more engravings in stock. We may therefore be able in a future number to publish one more suitable.—ED.]

## CHAPTER I.

*An Unexpected Recognition.*

ONE June evening, as the glories of Phœbus were setting in the Western Ocean, a young ranger might have been observed leaning pensively on his rifle by the banks of the Santee, South Carolina's loveliest river. Over his head, as might be judged by the casual stranger, twenty winters had passed. But he had seen only nineteen summers, for our hero was born in the

autumn of 18—. From which facts the acute mind will instantly deem him nineteen years and a half old, nor will the acute mind have deemed wrongly.

Romantic reader, pause for a moment and meditate upon the sweet thoughts which the scene will instantly arouse in thy breast. Ah me! Canst thou not, even after the lapse of lustres, call to remembrance—[Two pages of irrelevant matter follow, which we feel bound to excise. We must clearly leave off paying by the column.—Ed.]

But we digress. To resume the thread of our story.

Suddenly a loud crackling of twigs was heard in the bushes behind, as of some wild denizen of the woods in pursuit of his prey. For a moment the noble youth stood petrified; then, with great presence of mind, fled. But he did not flee far. Like a thunderbolt, a gigantic specimen of the *Tigris Bengalensis*, or Bengal Tiger, sprang from the thicket upon the retreating hunter, laying him prone upon the ground. A tiger in these latitudes,—mused the prostrate man, for his powers of mind were not even thus so overcome but that he could indulge in abstract and philosophical speculations,—Strange, indeed! Then he shut his eyes and prepared to die. He knew that his fate was sealed.

But the expected stroke from the brute's paw did not fall. Cautiously the victim opened one eye, and saw a spectacle that caused him to bound to his feet with a cry of amazement. The tiger was divesting himself of his skin. He had taken off his paws like gloves, and put them down upon a flat stone in front of him, and he was now ridding him of his head and mane, revealing to the astonished young man an unmistakably human head. The features were familiar.

‘Tom Fenton!’ shouted the ranger, stepping back a pace or two in overwhelming surprise.

‘The same!’ was the reply, as the ex-tiger advanced with hand outstretched.

It was a touching scene. Frederick Oakleigh and Tom Fenton had been schoolfellows and firm friends at the old village of B——. Early in life they had separated, and gone each his own way; and this was their first meeting for sixteen years. How truly romantic! How plainly is sober truth stranger than fiction!

‘But why — why this masquerade?’ stammered Oakleigh in intense bewilderment.

‘Hush! Do not talk now. We are in danger. Come with me,’ and he led him to his den. ‘I live in mortal peril,’ he continued. ‘A band of 500 Brandi Pawnees have sworn, each individually, to take my life.’

‘But you have not 500 lives,’ stared Fred.

‘Do not interrupt me. Every moment is precious,’ continued the other hurriedly. ‘I have been obliged, to escape their machinations, to take to this disguise, and to get my living by springing upon and devouring stray travellers. I did not recognize you at first, and ——.’ He broke off abruptly, and there was a wild look in his eyes which gave Oakleigh the uncomfortable impression that even then he would have liked to make a meal off him very much.

‘I know of but one person to help us in this emergency,’ said Oakleigh, after an embarrassing pause.

‘And he is——?’

‘Dan Renforth, the Salamander of the Santee.’

‘Let us set out at once.’

And they set out

*But the Brandi Pawnees were on the trail! Ha, ha!—*  
Stay! We anticipate.

## CHAPTER II.

### *The Camp of the Brandi Pawnees.*

A WEEK after the events narrated in our last chapter, as the rosy hues of dawn were dispersing the shades of night, the Salamander of the Santee, wielding his paddle with the most airy and exquisite grace, was propelling his canoe up stream. In stature he was below the middle height, but his frame was muscular, and it was easy to see, from his keenly flashing eyes, that their owner, besides being of indomitable courage and unrivalled skill as a backwoodsman, was generous, amiable, high-spirited—[Here we omit a long analysis of character as tedious. Besides, we do not believe that, however full of expression the eyes may have been, it *was* easy to see all this.—ED.] A glowing red light in the distance soon attracted his eagle glance, and caused him to moor his canoe and disembark. ‘Redskins,’ he muttered. His actions were instructive. He fell on his stomach, and crawled through the long grass so skilfully that not a motion could be seen, or a rustle heard. Why he did this will be a mystery to ordinary minds, but Dan Renforth’s towering intellect soared untrammelled by ordinary rules. Such is life.

After two hours’ hard crawling he arrived at the camp-fires of the Brandi Pawnees. It was drawing on

to the forenoon, and hardly a glow was left in the embers, but a fierce and stormy discussion was going on. The Indians were squatted thoughtfully in a circle, in the centre of which a young chief was concluding a speech in his native tongue.

‘I pawse forra reeppli!’ He spoke tragically, in the flexible and inimitable dialect of the tribe, and sat down amidst murmurs of applause.

Dead silence reigned supreme. It was grand, awful! Dan did not dare to make the slightest movement; he knew well that if he but moved a finger the preternaturally sharp ears of the chiefs would at once detect his presence. He had held his breath for twenty minutes, and was black in the face with the exertion. But he was courageous and enduring.

The Indians were anxiously looking towards one of their number, evidently from his commanding aspect the head of them all, as though expecting him to speak. He rose and advanced solemnly to the middle of the group. Not a rustle or a whisper was to be heard. It was as if all nature was hushed to hear his words.

‘The Red Lizard of the Rocky Mountain,’ thought Dan in his ambush, now on the point of suffocation. ‘I know him well, the unscrupulous savage!’

The Indian raised his hand to command attention. There was then a long pause.

‘Waugh!’ he cried, solemnly and suddenly, in rich guttural tones.

The conclave started as if stricken with an electric shock. This stirring sentiment had gone home to the hearts of all. The old chief’s burning eloquence moved them deeply, and those who had not known even in their infancy—so stony were their hearts—what it was

to shed a tear, now shed them in profusion. They leapt to their feet with an unanimous yell.

'Waugh!' they shrieked, repeating the sentence which had so affected their flinty natures, as they danced their wild war dance round the extinct fires.

'Waugh!' repeated the shrill echoes of hill and forest, bearing the mystic sound far, far away to remote lands.

But a catastrophe was nigh. Dan, tormented by a mosquito, could no longer contain himself. He raised his hand to brush off the annoying pest. It was his death signal. The quick ears of the Brandi Pawnees had caught the sound, and, irresistible as an avalanche, they rushed upon the ranger. But that brave spirit was undaunted. On they came, howling like a volcano, but he only seized his rifle with a firmer grasp and awaited confidently and coolly their onset. It was magnificent, it was entrancing. It was evident from his resolute bearing that he was about to defeat the whole 500. Observe his heroic attitude as he deliberately raises his rifle and—

But hark! What is that sound of awful import? The Indians know it well, and their copper-coloured faces blench with terror. A crackling, hissing, roaring mass of flame, illumining the sky with a lurid and unnatural glare—Great powers! The prairie is on fire! No one who has not seen it can imagine the frightful panic, the terrific confusion, the—

[We have been shamefully treated. Stopping short at this point of thrilling interest, our miscreant author has refused to unravel the tangled skein unless we increase his salary. As to the plot, we are at present lost in a maze. Who is the Desperado of the Wilder-

ness, whose name looms darkly forth from the title page, as through a crimson haze of blood? Who and where are the Maid, the Murderer, and the Demon Huntsman, and what have they to do with the narrative? We rushed to the *Pig and Whistle*, which experience has taught us to be the most likely spot for our literary friend, to propound these absorbing questions. We found him in the back parlour, engaged on proof sheets of the *Novel Reader's Penny Library of Fiction*—the proprietor of which estimable series pays him, we believe, one shilling a week more than we—but he declined with dignity to enter into any explanations whatsoever. We are justly indignant, but what can we do? We submit the matter to our readers, with the above statement of the facts; what say they?—ED.]



"Settlylytes."

'Tis well! Thy mandate, tyrant, is obeyed;  
 And here again upon the wonted marge  
 Of lofty settle stands this form upraised.  
 'Tis an ill-pleasing world! The obsequious Jones,  
 With spotless band and shoes immaculate,  
 Hath scapèd. I the noble and the free  
 With band unshackled, nor with plastering brush  
 Adornèd, did the lavatory brink  
 At verge of bell leave hurriedly; but me  
 Yon tyrant's eye quick darting o'er the scene  
 Espied; he to this unlovely rock  
 Enchainèd me, liberty to durance vile!  
 Here, then, in monumental attitude  
 I stand, of beauty and of window panes



Contemplative. So Nelson views the world  
 High raised on marble column : so stand I.  
 Who would not stand—nay, who, in such a case,  
 Would sit ? Beneath me stretches many a row  
 Of beds. But ha ! that fearful thought : the Pole  
 Must know my hand assiduous. Tyranny,  
 And vile injustice ! Shall the lack of glaze  
 Which soap, forsooth, imparteth, or the loss  
 Of some few buttons, baubles of an hour,  
 Or locks unkempt, or shoes' unvarnished pride,  
 Doom the great soul that heaves within this breast  
 To bondage ? Nay they cannot ! It shall soar  
 Up, up, until in aery flight it reach  
 The ceiling, and refreshed therefrom return,  
 Whilst memory's radiance lighting o'er the scene,  
 Suggest to raptured sense and soul enthralled  
 The furtive "jumble" or secreted "high"  
 Beside the cloistered "Jiffs" or landing lone  
 In silent ecstasy and dread consumed.  
 Sweet vision ! Ah, 'tis gone, and now again  
 Stern life returns ; mine is a *settled* grief !  
 At Salamis, says the poetry book,  
 A Persian king did on a rocky brow  
 Like me exalted—ah ! alas he sat,  
 I stand. But breakfast cometh ; shall I get  
 A "turf"—momentous question !—or an old  
 And time-reverèd fragment ? Fates, be kind !  
 When will this vigil cease ? This shoe of mine  
 Like Jones obsequious is without a *sole*,  
 A *soul* at least of the sustaining kind.  
 Still must I wait ; ah ! welcome stroke of eight.  
 And welcome also yonder tyrant's nod  
 Assentient ! Let me from my throne descend.

# ‘Miserarum Est.’

Hor. *Od.* iii. 12.

Miserarum est neque amorì dare ludum neque dulci  
Mala vino lavere : aut exanimari metuentes

Patruæ verbera linguæ.

Tibi qualum Cythereæ puer ales, tibi telas  
Operosæque Minervæ studium aufert, Neobule,

Liparæi nitor Hebri,

Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,  
Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno

Neque segni pede victus ;

Catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato  
Grege cervos jaculari et celer alto latitantem

Fruticeto excipere aprum.

(~~~~ and da capo.)

*Idem Anglicè.*

O 'tis pity when young maidens will not flirt and  
take their pleasure,

But refuse champagne at dances, and are frightened  
out of measure

By a chaperon's grave speeches!—Katie, Katie, I've  
been guessing

Why your fancy-work's forgotten, and your French is  
not progressing,

And your governess looks stately, as your thoughts on  
Charlie wander!

O 'tis Charlie in the Serpentine strikes out like a  
Leander ;

And in Rotten Row, they tell me, not an exquisite can  
match him,

And in riding with the Pytchleys not a man aspires to  
catch him ;

And he's equally adapted for the stag upon the heather,  
Or the tiger in the jungle ; he's a darling altogether !

## The Death Scenes of Shakespear.

FEW tasks are at once so interesting and so perplexing to the student of a favourite author as the effort to trace the writer's character in his works. The character of one's best friend must remain to the end somewhat of a mystery ; for there is some truth in the French statesman's *dictum*, that "Language is given us to conceal thought." If, then, it is hard to trace the unity underlying the spontaneous actions and gestures of a constant companion, still harder is it to find the keynote of an author's character, when our data consist in literary work where the writer perhaps rarely speaks *propria personâ*.

In reality, however, a poet's works are his best biography. All true art pre-supposes a certain sincerity of purpose ; and poetic art, as perhaps (next to music) the most spontaneous of the arts, affords us a means of judging, as by a moral barometer, of the feeling and thought *pur et simple* which inspired the author. Unity of motive is one of the highest commendations passed on the more intellectual, less sensuous, of modern poets. The same principle, in a wider application, is true of national character and the divers ways in which it finds expression. The music of an age to Plato is practically the surest criterion by which we may judge the character of the men of that age.

Few poets show their individuality in their writings with such distinctness as Shakespear. His works are,

in spirit at least, no mere mosaics: the same great moral laws characterize all his tragedies, whether it be a wavering purpose, a mistaken suspicion, the loyalty of true but misunderstood affection, or the punishment that awaits desperate crime, that forms the motive of his play. But perhaps no trait of character is more clearly reflected in his works than his loving, forgiving nature, the kindliness or charity with which he views errors of judgment; and especially the spirit of the saying,

“De Mortuis nil nisi bonum,”

is emphasized by him in a way that seems to show us how little the poet had been embittered by the many troubles and jealousies which had waylaid his early life. Many of his greatest plays culminate in a grand triumphal note of sympathetic praise of the dead man on whose errors the drama has turned. For example, the poet has no word of disparagement for weak vacillating Hamlet: like all true artists, he leaves the reader to point the moral for himself. Hamlet is a parricide, a weakling, whose disjointed speculations on the “great problem” issue in nothing more fruitful or comforting than the cry, when death is come, when the undiscovered bourne is reached,—

“The rest is silence.”

But the poet paints Hamlet’s apotheosis thus:—

“There cracks a noble heart; Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!”

Again, we may be sure that grand summary of Othello’s character, though put into the mouth of him whose hapless career it sketches, is really the poet’s epitaph upon a man with the springs of whose nature we cannot,



## The Blind King of Bohemia.

"Lead on ! lead on ! Mine eyes are dim ;  
 I cannot see the lances gleam.  
 But I can hear the battle-hymn,  
 The tramp of horse, the war-fife's scream.

"I yet can face the arrowy hail ;  
 I yet can wave my sword on high,  
 And breathe the battle's stormy gale,  
 And shout the shout of victory."

Two horsemen bold were at his side ;  
 They grasp'd the monarch's bridle-rein ;  
 They raised Bohemia's war-cry wide,  
 And gallop'd o'er the thundering plain.

The tide had turn'd—the die was cast—  
 An host before a handful fled ;  
 Again Bohemia's monarch pass'd—  
 His ostrich plume was dash'd with red.

"Lead on ! lead on ! Mine eyes are dim ;  
 I cannot see my country's shame,  
 I cannot see the invader grim  
 Mow down our ranks like wasting flame.

"But I can hear the coward strife,  
 The flight, the chase, the panting breath.  
 Oh, I have lived a warrior's life ;  
 I will not die a coward's death ! "

They tied his bridle-rein to theirs ;  
 They rush'd amid the battle-flood ;  
 And Crecy's field of shame and tears  
 Was hallow'd by a hero's blood.

## Dirge.

ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL  
GARDENS.

He is dead—but not in the Eastern land  
 By the banks of the Sacred River,  
 Where the sun gives the Englishman strokes in the head,  
 And chronic complaints in the liver.  
 He is dead—but not 'neath the scorching sun  
 Where duffers sometimes by a bungle,  
 Going out to hunt tigers, get hunted themselves  
 By the yellow-striped lords of the jungle.

Yet he sought with a dim and glazing eye  
 For his own Himalaya mountains ;  
 He listen'd and watch'd for the gurgling flow  
 Of the Holy Ganges' fountains.  
 And the sound of water did smite his ear ;  
 See, a mountain beyond the rill—  
 The river, alas ! is Regent's Canal,  
 And the mountain is Primrose Hill.

He is gone—and nought but his carcase is left :  
 He departed this life without funk :  
 The journey was long, but his courage was strong,  
 And firmly he pack'd up his trunk.  
 But still the deceased in a skeleton form  
 Will call forth astonishment's tones ;  
 If he cannot revisit the grounds in the flesh,  
 At least he'll be back in the bones.

## How Horatius Kept the Bridge.

WHEN Tarquin the Proud had been expelled from Rome for making himself generally obnoxious, he sought and obtained refuge from Porsena, Lar of Clusium, who without pausin' a moment to consider, constituted himself Champion of the Haughty One's rights. Previous to this time little is known of this Porsena, though we learn on the authority of Macaulay that he was addicted to swearing, a practice particularly reprehensible in so mighty a monarch. On the expression of his sympathy with Tarquin, a notice was inserted in the *Etruscan Post* of the period to the effect, that the Lar of Clusium presented his compliments to the Etruscan people, and requested the honour of their company before the gates of Sutrium within a month. In the agony column of the same journal there appeared a mysterious advertisement for several successive days: "Who's Tarquin? An injured man," which roused the curiosity of the people to such a degree, that on the appointed day all Etruria had accepted Porsena's shilling and enlisted under his banner. A cavalcade was then formed, on the model of which the Lord Mayor's Show of the present day is said to have been instituted. In the foremost ranks marched the celebrated tribe of Bobbii, whose duty it was to clear the way and repress the jeers of the by-standers. It was curious to notice how, when a grown man was guilty of a laugh, this noble band heard and saw nothing; but should the culprit be a small boy, the gallant Bobbii made a vigorous onslaught on him and carried him before Porsena:



indeed, Niebuhr infers from this fact, that the Bobbii were the originals of the noblest of English institutions, the policeman.

Next to this brave tribe of warriors marched the renowned military band, the Braggadociones, who were remarkable for the skill with which they played on one instrument, their own trumpet. These were followed by various other bands, including the celebrated "*Germana cohors*," or German band; who, probably mindful of the saying, that "Time flies," seemed very unwilling to keep it. The chariot of the monarch himself was preceded by a company of noble Etruscans, who had passed the Curule Chair; that is, who had once held offices in the State. It was followed by those who had *not* passed the chair (and, indeed, were not likely to come anywhere near it), namely, the rest of the army. Porsena rode in a magnificent gilded car, drawn by six elephants, hired by the hour from the Zoological Gardens at Clusium. By the side of the monarch sat the Haughty One, whose amiable son and heir, celebrated by the poet as "false Sextus," occupied the opposite seat.

When the procession neared Rome, almost the first thing the excited populace saw was the imperturbable countenance of Sextus Tarquinius. Their rage knew no bounds; in fact, in Macaulay's expressive language:—

"When the face of Sextus  
Was seen among the foes,  
No blackguard in the city  
But raised his Roman nose :—  
No lady on the housetops  
But snarl'd at him and spat,  
No child but shriek'd out curses—  
(Immoral little brat!)."

But Sextus didn't care for this the least bit in the world; in fact, he rather enjoyed it; and he greeted the remarkable expression of feeling with the gracious bow with which "Royalty ever acknowledges the plaudits of the multitude."

But, affairs now began to look rather serious for Rome. All the city was crowding round the consul, who was in vain trying to afford them consolation, when a sudden stir was observed in the multitude, and at length the news works out that the out-works of the city have been taken, and that nothing remains between the foe and the town except the Pons Sublicius (which was the only bridge at Rome on which the toll of a halfpenny was charged). At this time the toll-collector was a young man called Horatius, who was surnamed Cockles, from the immense strength of his muscles, as Mommsen has shrewdly conjectured. This was the man, then, who at this crisis stepped forward, and after making a few general but undoubtedly true remarks about death, volunteered to try his hand at a few chops for that great stake the safety of Rome. He then demanded whether there were two other men who would help to give the enemy a check on the Tiber's bank, and pay them out in their own coin:—

"Then out spake Spurius Lartius,  
A noble swell was he:  
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And take a chop with thee.'

"And out spake strong Herminius,  
Heaver of coals was *he*:  
'I too will stay; and make them pay  
The wonted halfpennie.'"

These three heroes, therefore, took their station at the

foot of the bridge, determined to let no one pass without paying a poll-tax, in the shape of a blow on the head which they stood ready to administer. A shout of derisive laughter was the only salute they received from the Etruscan army, but the laughter was soon transferred to the other side of the Etruscan mouth, for they found that they were licking the dust rather than licking the enemy. The trumpets too, which had been inciting them to action, seemed no longer to be in their former flourishing condition, but, like the men, could hardly deal out a blow. At this juncture, when every rank was beginning to show symptoms of rank cowardice, there stepped forward a noble Etruscan, Astur, lord of Luna, whose conduct in the present instance was that of a lunatic, for in the words of the noblest of English ballad-writers,—

“ His look was harsh, and his moustache  
Curl'd with a lofty sneer ;  
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
And wiped away a tear.”

And, to descend to prose, he made a rush at Horatius and brought down his battle-axe with tremendous force on that hero's pate ; indeed, had not Horatius made a sudden bob, he would probably have had only half a crown left. But though the Horatian skull was thick, the blow made him reel against Herminius, who promptly seated him on his knee and sponged him carefully. This done, Lartius produced a water-clock from his pocket and cried “Time!” whereupon the gallant Horatius threw himself on his burly foe, and knocked him into the middle of next week. As the Roman way of reckoning time is somewhat different from ours, it would become complicated if we tried to

determine the exact place to which Astur was despatched, but we must be content with the scanty account handed down to us by Livy and other historians.

While Astur's little matter was being comfortably settled, the rest of the Romans, in true nautical fashion, were shivering their timbers on the other side of the bridge. Every body, great and small, was engaged in the job. Even the aged consul tucked up his venerable toga like a man and went to work, axe in hand; and though in felling the bridge he occasionally fell into the Tiber, he didn't mind it in the least, but picked himself out as cheerfully as could be. It may be as well to state that he did more injury with his axe to other people's toes than to the woodwork of the bridge, but let that pass. The lictors, or Roman policemen, having no occasion at present to make the people move on, pocketed their fasces, or staves, and set to work with a will. Nay, even the Patrician swells let their eye-glass drop from their bewildered eye, removed their toga of the most fashionable make, and tried feebly to make themselves useful. And now the planks, like the "shades of nights," were falling fast, But ere the Romans felled the last, They shouted once, they shouted twice, "Come back, come back at any price—Horatius." Horatius heeded them not; but Lartius and Herminius, seeing one solitary plank remaining,—the only deal which would enable them to cut to their partners,—thought the one card they had to play was to discard their comrade. So, though the game was nearly over, and they had hitherto turned out trumps, they saved themselves by a trick, which, however, left all the honours to Horatius. Scarcely had they crossed over

when the bridge fell with a crash, of course taking with it the unlucky old consul, who was rescued from a watery grave for about the twentieth time in as many minutes.

And death stares Horatius in the face! The foe before him, the flood beneath. Porsena has called on him to yield, but Horatius heeds him not. He gazes an instant on the bosom of the broad river that flows sluggishly beneath; he recalls incidents of his happy childhood, when on the banks of that mighty stream he made mud castles and sailed his cockle-shell boats in the pools. At length, in a voice choked by emotion, he addresses the river in touching words:—

“Oh, Tiber, Mister Tiber—  
If thus I may address you—  
If to yon shore you'll bear me o'er,  
All I can say is—Bless you.”

And in an instant, preferring the uncomfortably cold reception of the river to the fatally hot one of the enemy, he leaps into the surging tide. Amazement seizes Romans and Tuscans alike; the success of his brave attempt is desired by all on either side, with the exception of false Sextus, who, having recovered his courage, cries nothing but “off with his head.” The Roman consul in his excitement tumbles into the river for the twenty-first time, and on this occasion is very nearly drowned, as the lictors are too interested in Horatius to look after him.

However, all ends well. Horatius, though the weight of his arms prevents the free use of his legs, gets on swimmingly, and at length reaches the bank, where a “tremendous ovation” awaits him. But loss of blood, and the excitement of the battle, and

particularly a mouthful of the Tiber which he had swallowed, were too much for him, and he sank fainting to the ground. Whether he was taken to bed and had a good mustard-plaster on his chest, Livy, with his usual carelessness, neglects to inform-us. But we know that he received substantial rewards in the shape of lands and testimonials; and that a banquet was given in his honour, at which the consul, who had permanently discontinued his course of cold baths, took the chair. In spite of our most diligent researches we can learn of no other festivities that took place on this joyful occasion; but we must infer that, as in German fairy stories, bonfires were lighted and fountains ran wine, and all those jolly things happened which common-place people now-a-days never hear of. And the name of Horatius has come down to *us*, and oftentimes

“When boys and girls are romping,  
And the elders drain the flagon,  
While the children burn their fingers  
At glorious snap-dragon;  
Around the Christmas fire  
Still is the story told—  
How well Horatius kept the bridge,  
In the brave days of old.”



## Mr. Du Maurier.

AMONG the amusements which a man may, I think, innocuously permit himself is that of attempting to sympathize with an artist, literary or other, who is unknown to himself. *Punch* was long one of the events of the week to us, and the items which made it so were Mr. Du Maurier's pictures. Our feeling as to this artist has deepened, *pari passu*, with years and reflection, into one of strong admiration.

In opening this paper we cannot, perhaps, do better than recall to the minds of our readers some of the *dramatis personæ* who figure most prominently in Mr. Du Maurier's pictures. First we will place Sir Gorgias and Lady Midas. This couple represent wealth without refinement, or, rather, with coarseness. Sir Gorgias has, I believe, made his money in America. In the first picture in which I remember him to be introduced he is in company with his elegant spouse, and a select retinue of ten footmen in the background, entertaining a party of one, viz. the Rev. Lazarus Jones, presumably the vicar of the church which Sir Gorgias honours with his presence. The Rev. Lazarus—who for thinness is not ill-named—observes, “It must be a great comfort to you, Sir Gorgias, to have now settled down into your comfortable house.” (The comfortable house, be it observed, is, judging from the dining-room, a house which, both in size and some other respects, might have suited one of the later Roman Emperors.) To which Sir Gorgias, leaning somewhat

across the table, with emphasis—"Yes, Jones; for be it ever so 'umble, Jones, there is no place like 'ome." Of the accessories of this scene we may mention that while the Rev. Lazarus is dressed in orthodox evening costume, Sir Gorgias has a large scarf-tie and diamond pin, and his lady in drapery about equally befitting Hamlet's aunt and a baker's wife; also that the table is loaded with ornaments of the petrified pomegranate type; and that the indignation at the Rev. Lazarus's use of the word *house*, so wholly banished from the words of our courteous host, is by no means invisible on the faces both of Lady Midas and of several of the overfed footmen. Thus does Sir Gorgias enter on the scene. The last time that I saw him and his lady they were at a more advanced stage, so much so that his Grace has for the first time accepted an invitation. Lady Midas is now, be it observed, much more presentable, and Sir Gorgias has at least developed sufficient power of self-denial to be able to leave his diamond pin in his dressing room and attire his neck of an evening in a simple white tie. Sir Gorgias appears to have contracted the unfortunate habit of being "near" with his servants. Hence to Lady Midas (at that moment talking to his Grace) the butler. The butler, I should mention, has lately received warning. "Well, Rivers, what are these?" says her ladyship, looking at some strange articles which the butler has on a tray. Rivers—"The decanter-stoppers, my lady. When the gentlemen left the dining-room to jine the ladies, Sir Gorgias, as usual, locked up the decanters, but he forgot the decanter-stoppers, so I thought I had better bring them to your ladyship." The exhibition of such an old-gentlemanly vice as niggardliness to one's servants will, however, we



may be sure, militate but feebly against the social prospects of Sir Gorgias. Between the stages which these two pictures represent Sir Gorgias has been getting on very fast in society. He no longer entertains parties of one, or falls back, we may be sure, on the parish clergyman for a guest. He, on the contrary, returns constantly from the houses of his hospitable friends at small hours in the morning, and is, I remember, indignant—looking, as he observes, to the possible contingency of his having brought a friend home with him—if there are not at these hours more than six footmen up to “open the door for him.” Possibly the door of so great a house is a heavy one.

Much of the success of Sir Gorgias in society is, there seems little doubt, due to the acquaintance he has there formed with an amiable lady of the name of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins. This lady is apparently intended to typify a second class, mainly feminine, whose characteristic we may call unprincipled cleverness. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins appears to think highly of the Midas family and to have become very intimate with them. Does Sir Gorgias complain of the conduct of the Conservative Government, which he supports, in not making a peer of him, and leaving him at the rank at which such people as “a heminent sawbones, or a littery man, or heven a successful hartist can aspire to,” Mrs. de Tompkins is ready to pour in the oil of consolation. “Never mind,” she says, “Sir Gorgias, a man of *your* stamp need never despair of becoming a peer.” Again, does young Gorgias Midas require a partner at a ball, at which, Mrs. de Tompkins excepted, he knows no lady, Mrs. de Tompkins unhesitatingly sacrifices herself on the altar. What

if she be finally, under stress of earnest contemplation by all present, obliged to whisper to the young Terpsichorean to abate the exuberances of his form, which we are told consists in holding his partner like a banjo, and hopping round her under a chandelier, she has at least had the amiability to do her best for him. For this hopeful young baronet in embryo, too, she is ready to probe the philosophy of matrimony to the core. Thus young Midas is thinking of marrying, and asks Mrs. de Tompkyns "which shall he spot, Mary Jones, who is as good as gold, and a beauty, or Lady Maria, who ain't." To which query, Mrs. de Tompkyns, "Beauty must fade, dear Mr. Midas, and even virtue may pall, but a title lasts for life, and one doesn't get tired of having a duke for a brother-in-law." There are two traits in the artist's character revealed by some of the preceding pictures, which we may notice in passing. The first (of which more anon) is that he has the generosity to be true to fact. The type which Mrs. de Tompkyns represents may easily be pretty, and this merit is fully conceded her in all pictures. The second is that he can laugh at himself; the climax in "contemptible" baronets is afforded by the "hement artist." Mrs. de Tompkyns appears to be very great in getting lions to her house at little cost of money or trouble. At a certain evening party, having heard very fine playing from a certain evidently professional gentleman present, she beckons up her lord and master (who, by the way, is everywhere an amusingly lay figure), and having learnt from him the professor's name, tells him to invite the said professor to her next Friday; to which De Tompkyns, "But, my dear, Herr Rumbeltumpski charges forty pounds." Mrs. de

Tompkyns, "Never you mind, tell him he is to meet the Duchess of Bungay, and he will be glad to come at all," to which De Tompkyns again, "But, my dear, her Grace does not visit the likes of us." Mrs. de Tompkyns, "If she hears that she is to meet Herr Rumbeltumpski, she will come fast enough. You do as I tell you." It is done, and is successful. Similarly on other occasions, which, however, it would take too much time to refer to in full. Such, then, is Mrs. de Tompkyns, and earlier, such the Midas family.

Another class, whom Mr. Du Maurier attacks, are the æsthetes. Of these we may distinguish the pseudo-æsthetes, and the advanced æsthetes, the pseudos being, however, a sub-class of the advanced. Of the pseudos does Mrs. Cimabue Brown approve herself when in a room crowded with the trappings of modern culture,—a room, too, in which she cannot endure the songs of Grigsby, a comic vocalist, of thirty years' standing,—she listens with rapture to Lord Coddington Snobley's vocal celebrations of the beauty of his pretty Louise, with whom he walked round by the Serpentine under the trees, believing himself the while to be very much the cheese. His lordship, whilst singing, has a hat tilted considerably to one side of his head, and altogether an undeniably music-hall if not musical appearance. Mrs. Cimabue Brown's children, too, are so æsthetic that they are impelled to put out their tongues on meeting non-æsthetic brethren in the park. To the advanced æsthetes belong Jellaby Postlethwaite the poet, Maudle the painter, and again Mrs. Cimabue Brown. Jellaby dines off the look of a lily in a glass of pure water, and to the waiter asking, "Shall I bring you anything else, sir?" replies, "Thanks, no; what I

want I have, and I shall soon have done." Maudle paints eternal lilies and passion flowers, and so far despises the ordinary ideals of human beauty as to take for models what might almost serve for hospital specimens. Mrs. Cimabue Brown confidently compares the lighter productions of young Pillcox, lately rescued from the pestle and mortar, to the better manner of Michael Angelo. Maudle and Jellaby both appear to believe that they are executing what the latest and soundest views of the position of human life naturally dictate. The pains which they take to verify these views do not, however, appear to be great. Maudle quotes Jellaby, Jellaby Maudle. Mrs. Cimabue Brown worships both of them, and they both worship Mrs. Cimabue Brown, for this reason, and another good one, viz.: that they neglect to educate their bodies. We may, I think, join with Mr. Du Maurier in ridiculing them; not, however, because they can dine off the contemplation of a lily (a useful capacity on several grounds), or because they cultivate many forms of intellectual sensibility.

Such then are a few of the figures with which Mr. Du Maurier's pictures of the upper classes teem. Of the life of the middle classes there are, too, plenty of pictures; indeed it is in the portrayal of them that most of the humour of the artist lies, there being here nothing in the accessories of the scenes presented which is presumably novel, and so by itself satisfying to any one. Of the miserable borderlands where shifts to ruffle with the best on small means afford a spectacle only too fitting for the satirist's pencil, we occasionally get a good picture. Jones and family meet the Plantagenets at the ticket office of a railway station, and,

finding that the Plantagenets are to travel by the same route as themselves, just for the fun of the thing, as he afterwards observed, Jones orders first-class tickets. So far, so good. All would have gone well had not the word first-class reached the children, who line the wall beside the ticket-box. The words did reach them, however, and the children, with perfectly appropriate yells of gratified surprise, shout, and gesticulate, "We are going first-class! We are going first-class!"

Of the lowest grades, at least in London life, Mr. Du Maurier would appear to have made a study; so much so that his occasional half-page picture in this field, as *e.g.* of street preaching on a London Bank Holiday, or of a London slum at night, are well worth attentive study. Then, of all those who have given 'Arry to the world, commend us to Mr. Du Maurier. Nothing in the dress or manner of this gentleman is allowed to escape when he is portrayed. The same hand which, as the ladies allow, notes every fold in their latest silks and caps, here depicts every angularity and oddity in the coat, hat, boots, figure, gait, gesture of this *outré* person. A picture which we remember of two gentlemen clearly intended to belong to this class, standing opposite a notice-board outside a French town—where, by the way, one of them observes *apropos* of the notice, "Passage interdit aux ânes" (it being a seaside place where donkeys are let out), "I can't quite make it, 'Arry, but I think as 'ow it means that we ain't to go this way"—might almost be called cruel for the frightful accuracy and fullness of its detail. Life in the country is comparatively seldom treated by Du Maurier, but characteristically when at all. We may instance a picture of the end of a dinner table, the

dinner being apparently one of a certain class of tenant farmers, where an orator is observing in the course of a speech, proposing, I suppose, the squire's health, "If all squires would dew as our squire dew, there couldn't be so many on 'em dew as they dew dew." The dress, figures, and faces of the farmers are, too, wonderfully true. Life in France appears to be thoroughly familiar to the artist, and is no doubt well done.

As our subject is not *Punch*, but the work of a certain artist, we may here observe that there are other fields, viz. the *Cornhill Magazine*, and here and there a novel, for instance, Thackeray's "Esmond," in which Mr. Du Maurier's pencil may be seen. Of his work in the *Cornhill* we have ourselves unfortunately followed up only that expended on one story, viz. Mrs. Oliphant's "Carità," a story in which, a young lady remarked to us, we think not very inaptly, all the people were so silly. Such as they were, however, we thought them very gracefully portrayed. One picture in which the heroine, dressed in the Sister of Mercy costume, was standing on the sea-shore, with her large black veil floating behind her in that mood in which, as Mrs. Oliphant expressed it, her eyes were with her heart, and that was far away, was, we thought, beautiful. The illustrations to "Esmond" seemed to us to have that very rare merit, particularly apt as illustrating such a book, of presenting the past in a manner which had clinging to it no associations of the present. In every face there seemed to be an absence of an indefinable something now present; and that is, in our opinion, exactly what should seem to be the case with faces more than 150 years old. We may

instance as an example of this character the picture of an assembly of General Webb and his officers; the General is engaged in looking at himself in the glass.

Having now noticed several of the topics and human subjects on which Mr. Du Maurier employs his hand and mind, we will now note more directly what we consider to be some of the qualities of that hand and mind. *Imprimis*, I have said that he is faithful to the truth, *i.e.* does not either exaggerate or diminish it, and in saying this we have said, be it observed, a very great deal. For a man who can tell the truth and yet make one laugh is a man who can show incongruity in existing things, instead of resorting to inexistent things to obtain it, and this character we have almost heard defined as that which distinguishes the humourist from the caricaturist. As a jester, then, who makes his jests from facts, Mr. Du Maurier at once takes high rank. Observe that the power of making jests from facts represents a power to see deeper than the mass do. A man possessed of it carries a microscope about with him, and has ever a visual feast where the mass sees nothing. Again Mr. Du Maurier's observations have been wide. His types of men and women (of which topic more anon) are not to be reckoned up on our fingers, or anticipated from the cyclic order in which they recur. And then, best of all, with the energy which gives a man the opportunities to see, and the mental power which enables him to see with his eyes when he does see, our artist appears to combine the courage necessary if a man is to record what he has seen. We may instance several expositions of opinion on the subject of religion, which most men, if they had them, would conceal; also, as an especially good instance, a picture

representing a near-view of a ballet, with male aristocratic admirers in the foreground, which, in its glaringly hideous truths, no timid man would have dared to draw. Then, again, Mr. Du Maurier is a satirist who can be kind. If in a picture of a frightful cook before a looking-glass, being habited in the latest fashions or measured for them, there is no pity for the cook; there is much for the dressmaker who is habiting her, the quiet dignity of face and self-restrained manner telling of gentle birth and nature. Cynicism, in the sense of disbelief in the existence of true love, true philanthropy, true refinement of mind, must go elsewhere to root itself than to the mind of this artist. Could it ever root itself in a mind that observed with care?

We have above distinguished hand and mind in an artist. So far the mind. Of his hand, as we have phrased it, or power of execution with the pencil, we desire to venture a few remarks. *Imprimis*, we deny the truth of what we have heard said on this head, viz. "that all the artist's young ladies are drawn from the same block," and in support of our opinion would undertake to cut out fifty different types of young ladies from his pictures. Let the critic give as minute observation to the drawings as their elaborate nature naturally demands, and I am confident that excellent differences will reveal themselves. Mr. Du Maurier has a distinct manner, no doubt, but an artist may have that without drawing his heads all alike. Let me hide my opinion under the shadow of the great name whose owner has lately passed from us, and remind my opponents of the vague, easily-satisfied impression which the ill-instructed have about likenesses. The ill-



instructed have it, I would interpret, as being from their want of instruction a section of the great family of the careless. Those who are diffident of the value of their own opinion as to the delicate execution—the touches which distinguish Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins from Mrs. de Talbot, though they are dressed alike, and “have the same monogram, you know”—of Mr. Du Maurier’s pencil may reassure themselves by noticing that the original drawings for many of his *Punch* pictures find their way into the Royal Academy rooms.

This paper may now, with advantage, be brought to a close. To judge of a man usefully we must try and find out what his positive qualities are, and look for them anywhere where the man’s work is to be seen. I have indicated where they may be looked for, and what I consider some of them to be in this case. Looked at simply in *Punch*, with the memory of John Leech continually before us, we should, I think, underrate Mr. Du Maurier. John Leech was made for the place, Mr. Du Maurier has adapted himself to it. Leech’s boisterous fun, if 1881 would like it, he would not, perhaps could not give us, but he gives us often much deeper analysis than Leech was capable of. Perhaps we gain as much as we lose here, and if we do not, I repeat we must not condemn a man because he does not serve some one particular purpose, but search out all his qualities, and see which of the whole body of human purposes they will serve. We should conclude, I believe, if we followed that method, that Mr. Du Maurier’s qualities might (and do often) serve very high purposes.

## Prologue.

SPEECH DAY, 1875.

That progress even here asserts her sway,  
And bends us to her will, we need not say;  
But custom cannot but in part restrain,  
And old traditions here and there remain.  
Be gentle, therefore, if we make our speeches  
In other tongues than those which progress teaches;  
We make our speeches and our courtesy,  
As our forerunners in the years gone by.

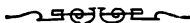
I wished to break, as gently as I might,  
The news that I'd a prologue to recite.  
Look not to hear the terse and sparkling lines  
Which wisdom points and epigram refines.  
Treading a beaten track, what can I more  
Than say what other lips have said before?  
We think that sympathy will own our claim,  
While keeping fresh and green our Founder's name.  
Beyond—your clemency alone we crave,  
Judge not *too* harshly of the faults we have,  
And if the actor falters in his part,  
Set to simplicity our want of art.  
Besides, this year our programme has reversed it,  
*We* play the "Critic"—have we not rehearsed it?  
When Monsieur Jourdain studies patiently  
The usages of good society,  
Seek not to damp his ardour by suggesting  
His views are not extremely interesting;  
Smile on Sir Christopher's expressive toes;  
Cheer Tilburina in her "baby woes";  
Seeing how often Whiskerandos dies,  
Let pleasant faces glad his glazing eyes;  
When Puff has taught his company their trade,  
And turns to you to know how *he* has played,  
Forbear to ruffle his complacent pride,  
And let the only Sneer be by his side.

## A Fragment: Sound near the Shop.

Oft I watched him in the garden  
 Sitting ere we went to Hall ;  
 Governors, Head-Master, Warden,  
 Wicked names I heard him call.  
 There he sat in lonely grandeur,  
 There he sat beside the Pump,  
 Shuddering as he heard the band o'er-  
 Head, and heard the drummer's thump.  
 Sitting nigh, as was my wont, I  
 Watched him rocking to and fro,  
 Ever crying, sighing, ' Don't I  
 Wish that dinner bell would go ! '  
 Drew I near, and asked him kindly,  
 ' Say, what doth thy bosom move,  
 That thou imprecatest blindly ;  
 Is it stomach-ache or love ?  
 All the morning, late and early,  
 Here thou sit'st, despising book.'  
 But the youth in accents surly  
 Grunted soft, and murmured, ' Hook ! '  
 Yet I asked, ' Why disregardest  
 Boys malicious coffee-dregs  
 Squirted down thy neck, or hardest  
 Marbles pegging at thy legs ?  
 I have seen thee eye yon casement,  
 Eye the barred shop-window there ;  
 And I wondered what that gaze meant,  
 What that look of blank despair.  
 Tell me with what woe thou battlest ;  
 I might give thee soothing balm ;

Tell me what it is thou rattlest  
Ever in thy folded palm ?'  
' Ah ! ' he cried, my name is Grubbins,  
Here I sit till dinner's o'er ;  
Oh ! I want to spend my twopence,  
But we mayn't buy tuck before ! '  
Often at that door I whack hard,  
Oft I kick with hob-nailed shoe,  
Till I eye yon fearful placard,  
' Sweets not bought till after two.'

The above has been forwarded to us by a contributor who is evidently a Lower School boy, and is therefore likely to feel acutely the closing of the shop till after dinner. The care of our authorities that the fellows should feel no inconvenience in their constitutions by over-precaution against starvation has, we believe, caused serious inconvenience in other quarters. The introduction of comparatively pure milk at breakfast is, we are sure, an innovation that has been hailed with delight, but we never yet met a fellow who was not ready till dinner time to eat himself with hunger.



### *A Brush with Pirates.*

WE had the misfortune to be stationed over twelve months in the Straits of Malacca, where constant depredations were occurring, without once getting a fair chance of a brush with the pirates, so not only were we disappointed at our bad luck but we got no prize money.

Great was our delight one day, whilst at anchor at Singapore, to receive a telegram from our senior officer to meet him without delay off the mouth of the Laroot River. Accordingly we got under weigh, and steamed hard at it for forty-six hours, which brought us to the rendezvous, and we found H.M.S.——, a 17-gun corvette, at anchor. On boarding her, the following tale was unfolded :—About a week before, information was received by the Governor of Penang that a small steamer flying the British flag had been captured off this place. A number of armed junks had managed to intercept her, disguised as traders, and firing into her, very soon made her haul down her colours. Not content with this outrage, they deliberately murdered all whom they found on board, several women amongst the number, in cold blood. Only one man survived; he had jumped overboard, and, unperceived in the confusion of plundering the steamer, had swum on shore, and succeeded in reaching Penang without much trouble. As the pirates were reported to be in some force, we decided to have both ships present for the attack.

A brief description of them will give an idea of our strength. The senior officer's ship, although only a small corvette drawing 16 feet of water, was as close in to the mouth of the river as she could go; but our scene of operations was at least five miles inside the mouth; so, as the craft I was in only drew eight feet, we were to take her boats in tow, manned and armed with 150 men, and on getting close to the place, these boats, together with our own and 70 more men, were to attack the stockade behind which we were given to understand the junks had taken up a formidable

position. We had a native with us (besides the survivor above mentioned), who had volunteered to pilot us up the river, which being little better than a creek and leading nowhere, had not been surveyed. This fellow said that we could not get our gun vessel in sight of the stockade, which was round a sharp bend where the water was too shallow for even our eight-foot draught of water. All these preparations were discussed at night. The following morning at 4 a.m. we were under weigh, with the corvette's boats in tow, viz. one launch (fitted with a 9-pounder gun in the bow), two cutters (fitted with 24-pounder rockets and apparatus), one jolly boat, and three gigs; these would carry 150 men, each of whom had his rifle and cutlass. Our boats were two cutters (fitted as rocket boats) and three gigs, carrying 70 men armed also as above. On the passage up the river the corvette's crew were on our upper deck, all ready at a moment's notice to jump into the boats, which were alongside and astern of us; our own boats were at the davits manned and ready for lowering. The excitement grew intense as we got into the little river, as from all accounts we had to meet a considerable force of well-armed and desperate men, who would fight as pirates always do, with a rope round their necks, for if captured execution is sure to follow. Moreover, fighting in open boats and attacking vessels armed with heavy guns is always dangerous and deadly work; there is no friendly bulwark to cover you from the enemy's musketry; every man must sit in his appointed place on his thwart, ready to grasp his oar or his rifle, or perhaps his cutlass to board if he gets a chance.

Our principal object, in order to avoid bloodshed, if

possible, was to take them by surprise, so we were steaming without making any smoke, a trick in which our chief engineer was very expert if only required for a short time. Shortly after noon we reached the spot in the river, where we found the sharp bend and the water shallowed to eight feet, so that we were stirring up the mud very freely; so narrow was the river that we had to brace our yards sharp up, as if kept square they would have caught in the foliage, which here is preposterously abundant, the tallest trees almost meeting over our mastheads. At this juncture a pin let fall could have been heard as far as the absence of noise on board was concerned, but all around us the trees were full of life—parrots screaming, monkeys chattering, and the cicada in the bushes keeping up a noisy chorus. The time had arrived; and, by gestures more than words from the officers, the corvette's men slipped silently into their boats, oars were lowered, and all left us, keeping under shelter of the bend as much as possible, and creeping up silently but swiftly. I had the fortune to be in one of the boats, so got a good view of the whole affair. On getting round the bend we saw right across the river a stockade of big spars with only a small opening in the centre for boats; behind them towered the spars of five large junks, but not a sign of life was visible on board; the guns were covered with the usual bamboo matting to keep them dry, but all were in position pointing down the river towards us and looking very formidable, the crews evidently after their mid-day meal taking a siesta. We expected to surprise them, as they had no idea that a soul was left to tell the tale of the late outrage; moreover they had no idea that such a force was anywhere in the vicinity.

Looking back, to my surprise, I saw our gunboat inside the reach ; she had succeeded in steaming through the soft mud and got round the bend ; and there she was broadside on to us and fairly covering our attack. When we were within 200 yards from the stockade our approach was discovered and suddenly the junks were swarming with men, removing the gun covers and getting ready for action. At this moment, at a signal (a rifle fired from the senior officer's gig) crash came a broadside from our gunboat over our heads, into the stockade and junks behind ; at the same time every rifle was discharged from the boats ; then, as rapidly as possible, rifles discarded and oars taken in hand, and in less time than it takes to write this the boats were through the opening in the stockade, and every junk taken by boarding, the pirates too panic-stricken to offer the slightest resistance. Our brave sailors swarmed like cats up the junks' sides (cutlasses between their teeth to leave their hands free), and the only instances I saw of their using them was a blow with the butt end, or else the flat of the blade ; but many a Malay measured his length on the junks' decks by virtue of Jack's fist, which he used freely and seemed to delight in being able to force a cut-throat to cry for quarter by this means rather than by cold steel or bullets ; especially as head money is given for all captured alive ; the dead ones only score half-price in the prize list.

The scene presented on board the junks was a queer one. The effect of the gunboat's broadside and over two hundred rifles had been very disastrous to the Malays. Any number of dead, of wounded, and paralytics from fear. So surprised were they that no attempt at escape was made, and in half an hour we



had them all ready for a move. The dead were thrown overboard, about twenty—the wounded—taken to one junk, where two of the medical officers patched them up as well as the means at hand would permit; the others were secured and sentries with loaded rifles placed over them. No occasion, however, to remind these sentries of the importance of their trust; a pirate will always be carefully watched by an honest sailor, even if his head is not worth about £300.

The next work was to get the stockade down, so back to the gunboat for breakers, or small casks fitted so as to be used as submarine mines, or torpedoes; and by 4 p.m. we had blown up the whole obstruction, and left the river clear for the passage of the junks down, the tide carrying the débris away as fast as it was blown up. Before sunset we had dropped our prizes down to the gunboat and taken them in tow—five junks of an average capacity of 100 tons, 26 guns, and 153 men; not a bad day's work, considering that we did not lose one man on our side; we had several wounded but none seriously.

The first thing to be done was to splice the main brace, or, in other words, serve out an extra glass of grog to the men whilst they took half an hour for their well-earned supper; all the time we were towing the prizes out to sea. On arrival at the place where the corvette was at anchor, we handed her over three junks with their crews, we taking the other two, and both started for Penang. We had recourse to a very novel plan for securing our prisoners; chain cables were ranged along the upper deck and the pirates made fast by their legs to the links of the chain, with their hands tied behind them, they being informed that if they made

any disturbance the anchors would be let go. Of course sentries were posted fore and aft, and thus we followed in the wake of our senior officer towards Penang.

During the middle watch we heard a commotion on board our sternmost prize, and stopped to see what was the matter (we had placed a few men in each to steer and keep a look out); it was discovered that she had been scuttled before we took charge of her, fortunately only an auger hole below water-line; this was speedily stopped, and we proceeded.

Next day we arrived safely at Penang and handed over our prizes to the civil authorities, and the prisoners for trial; there was more than sufficient evidence to condemn them, and we had the satisfaction of seeing them all executed before we left. Our prize money came in afterwards, and we were very well contented with our respective shares.

Before concluding I must state that the preparations for attack had been most perfectly planned beforehand on our side, and although our quondam pilot said we could not take the gun-boat round the bend, our captain decided on doing so, and he did it; hence the great panic established by the well-timed broadside. Another thing worthy of note is that we found the junks' crews armed with the Snider rifle like ourselves, and, strange to say, they had later pattern ammunition than we had on board Her Majesty's ship.

The hole which we noticed in the stockade, and through which our boats passed, was purposely arranged by the pirates, for we found that they had all their guns concentrated on this spot, and had they been on the *qui vive*, even with the assistance of the fire from

the gunboat to frighten them, they must have blown every boat to pieces before getting through this embrasure. When we dismounted their guns in order to render them useless for the time, we found that besides double charges of shot and powder they were filled to the muzzle with bags of nails and scraps of iron, so altogether we had cause to congratulate ourselves.

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### *Les Lilas.*

Pourquoi, fleur du printemps, mourir à peine éclore ?  
Pourquoi, charmante sœur du lis et de la rose,  
Toi par Dieu destinée à briller parmi nous,  
Perdre ton bel éclat et ton parfum si doux ?

Tu nais, tu nous ravis quelque temps, puis tu passes,  
Laisant le jardin vide et les bosquets déserts.  
En vain le papillon te demande aux espaces,  
En vain l'œil attristé te cherche dans les airs.

Mais de tout ici-bas telle est la destinée ;  
Mainte chose se fane et meurt à peine née ;  
Beauté, jeunesse, amour suivent un sort commun.

O charmes fugitifs dont notre âme est ravie,  
Sans vous, sans vos attraits, qu'est-ce donc que la vie ?  
Rien qu'un fruit sans saveur, une fleur sans parfum.

---

## Juvenal in London.

### I.

“ Still there are follies, e’en for me to chase,  
And yield, at least, amusement in the race.”

BYRON.

*“ Semper ego auditor tantum ? nunquamne reponam ? ”*

Must I be mute ? and must I hear perforce,  
While gruff Bellew is roaring till he’s hoarse ?  
Must I be mute, while Bailey has his bent,  
And Tupper maunders to his heart’s content ?  
Bailey, the would-be mystical and grand !  
Tupper, the Solomon at second-hand ;  
Scrawler of dreary maxims, by the gross,  
In soporific rivalry with Close !

The “ gentle breezes,” and the “ shady trees ” ;  
I’ve had enough of such conceits as these,  
The “ rugged mountains ” and the “ pleasant vale ” ;  
All this is very good, but very stale.  
This is the stuff that modern poets show,  
These are the wares of Paternoster Row :  
In sorry scribblers, and in bards of fame,  
Patmore or Tennyson, ’tis all the same ;  
This trash abounds on every study shelf,  
So in revenge I mean to write myself.

But why attempt, you’ll ask me with a sneer,  
To follow mighty Juvenal’s career ?  
Sarcastic reader, if you’ll grant me time,  
I’ll try to give you reason for my rhyme.

For when an idiot to the race-course hies,  
 Squanders three fortunes, drives a coach, and dies :—  
 When his disconsolate widow rides to hounds,  
 And backs the fav'rite for a thousand pounds :—  
 When moon-struck minors vie with dotards fond  
 In heaping wealth upon the demi-monde :—  
 When such occasion offers, shall I shrink ?  
 Shall I be sparing of my pen and ink ?  
 With such a subject to inspire my strain,  
 'Tis hard to write, but harder to refrain.

'Sooth, 'tis a weighty task ! 'twere easier far  
 To count the sands, or read the *Morning Star*,  
 To gaze undazzled on the noon-day sun,  
 Or cough down Whalley, when he's once begun.  
 Oh for a Juvenal, to sing of thee,  
 Thou Newgate member, gallows-bird M.P. !  
 Despair of dandies, hope of many a belle,  
 Model of forgers, in a word, Roupell !  
 The self-made man, who mounted fortune's hill,  
 By means of Lambeth, and a stolen will.  
 Our convicts now are mostly men of mind,  
 We like our criminals to be refined :  
 A low-bred person, tiring of his wife,  
 Will use a poker, or a carving knife ;  
 But all such violence, you must confess,  
 Is vulgar, and indecent to excess,  
 And Northern doctors very justly feel  
 That strychnine is more proper and genteel.

Would you be great ? do something that may be  
 Worthy of Newgate, or the gallows tree ;  
 For criminals a way to fortune carve,  
 Whilst honest men are praised, and left to starve.

Have you an enemy ? Your course is clear,  
Strychnine is speedy, and by no means dear !  
Would you be rich ? Your course is clearer still,  
Go to the millionaire, and steal his will !  
Enough of this ! Such are the themes I chose ;  
I wasn't born a poet, goodness knows !  
But though my rhymes are bad, my metre worse,  
Yet indignation drives me into verse.

'Tis only true that since the world began,  
Vices, like vermin, have infested man.  
But when were men more vicious than to-day,  
And when did Mammon wield a greater sway ?  
We're gamblers all, and gambling is a vice  
More avaricious still than avarice.  
We beat our fathers hollow, simple folks !  
We stake our parks, our acres, and our oaks !  
He finds commiseration, not disgrace,  
Who loses twenty thousand on a race ;  
And O thou shade of Nelson, worse than all,  
The gamblers' referee's an admiral !

And now the general election see,  
When Mammon and the mob make jubilee ;  
Good souls, all party feeling they condemn,  
The man with money is the man for them.  
Tory or Radical, no matter which,  
They'll give their vote and interest to the rich.  
The publican that's liberal with his beer  
Is surely better than a needy peer ;  
And if he is a publican, what then ?  
A publican's no worse than other men ;  
'Tis true that he can neither write nor spell,  
But then his public-house pays very well ;

And if he goes to parliament, be sure  
He'll rise a step, and call himself a brewer.  
And so it is; high rank has had its day;  
Riches prevail, and honour must give way:  
Groveling before the Golden Calf we fall;  
Almighty dollar, thou art lord of all!  
And truth, and honesty, and self-respect,  
Are banished to the limbo of neglect.

When such the power of avaricious greed,  
The lot of poverty is hard indeed.  
He who would wish to know the pauper's doom,  
And see to what an honest man may come  
(For spite of everything that Lowe believes,  
All paupers are not consequently thieves),  
He who would know the feelings of the poor,  
Must watch at twilight by the workhouse door,  
And mark the joy that opening portal brings—  
A supper and a bed are pleasant things.  
Meanwhile, within the Mansion House they hold  
The banquet, oft by penny-a-liners told:  
Dainties from East and West, from North and South;  
Vast is the Lord Mayor's purse, and vast his mouth.  
And then the turtle, animal divine!  
The turtle born that Aldermen may dine!  
But oh, the consequence, when fully fed,  
You take your turtle and yourself to bed!  
Then comes the nightmare, and a want of breath,  
And apoplexy, and intestate death;  
And some small joker, when they dine again,  
Will say you died of "turtle on the brain";  
Or disappointed friend, more harshly still,  
"It served him right, he never made a will."

Here, as my strain was drawing to an end,  
I had a word of warning from a friend,  
A legal friend : said he, "It's very well  
To satirize a convict like Roupell :  
Or you may libel Sothern, if you choose,  
But have a care about your judge's views.  
If he's a medium, you may have your fling ;  
But if he's not, it's quite another thing.  
And so, in all such cases, have a care :  
There is a law of libel, so beware !  
For persons who've been bitten once, 'tis said,  
Will never kick a dog unless it's dead."

---

*Juvenal in London.*

II.

"Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,  
When Meditation has her fill,  
I just may cast my careless eyes  
Where London's spiry turrets rise,  
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,  
Then shield me in the woods again."

THOMSON'S "*Ode to Solitude*."

"*Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici—*"

London was built, my fix'd opinion rules,  
For needy rascals, and for wealthy fools,  
And no one else. What ! live in Belgrave-square !  
I'd rather keep a lighthouse, I declare !  
Oh for a life in some secure retreat,  
Safe from the thousand horrors of the street,  
The fires by night, the massacres by day,  
When murd'rous Pickford seizes on his prey,



While burglars rob you, organ-grinders scare,  
And novel-writers drive you to despair !

While musing thus, a day or two ago,  
I met my friend Pellew, in Rotten-row ;  
So joining arm-in-arm, we stroll'd along  
And view'd, apart, the fashionable throng  
(But I have watch'd the scene, when after dark,  
A widely different crowd invades the park ;  
A miserable host, in hopes to pass  
An economic night upon the grass.  
There was a pregnant moral in the sight,  
Fashion by day, and beggary by night).

The air was pleasant, and the day was fine,  
With scarce a ripple on the Serpentine,  
And much I wish'd, while gazing on its flood,  
That more was water, and that less was mud.  
When thus my friend : " To-morrow, you must know,  
Will find me far from London, and the Row ;  
For yesterday I settled with my wife  
To leave the town, and lead a country life.  
I've bought a farm, and there I start anew,  
Beginning life again, at fifty-two,  
If fate still spare me from his greedy clutch,  
And let me hobble on without a crutch.  
I cannot live in London ! There indeed  
Zadkiel may thrive, and Swalloway succeed ;  
For when a knave will swear that black is white,  
He'll always find a fool to think he's right.  
But as for me, my merits are but small,  
I can't make pills, nor prophesy at all.  
What can I do ? My lying powers are weak,  
Or else I'd write a musical critique :  
I might garotte a banker, but no doubt

Sir Richard Mayne would quickly find me out.  
I can't perform with thimbles and a pea;  
I can't dissect a donkey, like Gamgee.  
Where are my friends? you ask. My friends, forsooth!  
The species is extinct, my simple youth!  
Friendship has come to an untimely end;  
A man's accomplice is his only friend!  
You will be dear to Redpath, if you know  
He forged those bills a little while ago.  
Roupell will like you, if your prying skill  
Has told you that he stole his father's will;  
But if your patron be of guiltless fame,  
Or undiscover'd—which is just the same;—  
And if your dauntless soul would wish to choose  
A task that Hercules might well refuse,  
A hopeless toil, a work without an end;  
Then ask a favour of your wealthy friend."



### *Matthew Arnold's Poems.*

THE issue of Mr. Arnold's "selected poems" in the Golden Treasury series would seem to symbolize his advancing popularity; and if that be the case it may fairly be assumed that Mr. Arnold's verse is in complete harmony with the spirit of contemporary life. Yet the "mazes of heat and sound" in the world around him are widely separated from the serene and still atmosphere in which he finds inspiration and poetic

nutriment. A society that is notoriously dazzled by the sensational—be it a foreign policy or a feat of pedestrianism—that is (or was lately) hastening on its “progress” with the rush and rapidity of a mill-stream, would appear to have little sympathy with the tranquil, dreamy stanzas of a literary Prospero. But in truth the heat and hurry of modern civilization produce a reaction on the vast majority of cultivated minds; and those characters which are not cast in the hardest mould will even in the era of active progress be pierced with a keen “Welt-schmerz.” They will, some day or other, awaken to the feeling that came over the traveller in the Lore-lei:—“Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten dass ich so traurig bin.” It is to such minds that Matthew Arnold appeals; and it is to the sympathy of an audience a little world-weary that he owes whatever fame he now possesses.

Mr. Arnold, by preference, seems to choose whatever is peaceful and languid in his surroundings. He loves to catch the most serene and subdued aspect of a landscape; there is no Wordsworthian feeling of a grand triumph in an active principle of Nature. The lines on “Rugby Chapel” are written when—

“Cold,  
Solemn, unlighted, austere,  
Through the gathering darkness arise  
The chapel walls.”

The stanzas on “Dover Beach” are inspired by the sight of a calm sea, a moon “lying fair upon the Straits,” and the light on the French coast that “gleams and is gone.” Such a poet is incapable of giving a truly poetical description of a terrific thunder-

storm, or a great forest-scene; nor will his views of life be proportionately bright and cheerful. In Mr. Arnold's stanzas there is, not unnaturally, the "eternal note of sadness," when he hears the "tremulous cadence" of the Channel. The world lies before him "like a land of dreams." Yet the pensive melancholy of his poetry—which has the spirit everywhere of the "Elegy" in the churchyard—will like "the far-off sound of a silver bell," draw to it all minds of like temperament.

Perhaps, however, the deepest charm of these lyrics will to an ordinary reader lie in their superb simplicity. There is nothing that is gaudy or imposing in his lines; no straining after effect, but throughout an air of exquisite refinement. This statuesque severity never degenerates into a grotesque or uncouth harshness. For classical smoothness and transparency, no lyric in modern poetry can compete with the "Requiescat."

"Strew on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew!  
In quiet she reposes;  
Ah! would that I did too.  
Her mirth the world required;  
She bathed it in smiles of glee,  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be."

Mr. Arnold, by virtue of this style, is a master of description within certain narrow limits; and nothing can be more happy than the few touches which he gives to a prosaic object of this century:—

"The murmur of this midland deep  
Is heard to-night around thy grave,  
There, where Gibraltar's cannon'd steep  
O'erfrowns the wave.

Slow to a stop at morning grey,  
I see the smoke-crown'd vessel come ;  
Slow round her paddles dies away  
The seething foam."

But the whole of his poetry, in spite of the elegance of form and delicacy of tone, which recalls the Greek anthology, is cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd by a close adherence to the canons of his art. The lithesomeness of his muse is hampered by the strait-waistcoat of an exacting metre and diction. His stanzas, which at all times lack the fire and passion found in at least one work of a contemporary poet, are apt to wear an artificial air. The form seems of more importance than the matter; the genuine inspiration, the *vis viva*, is apparently wanting; and an insipid monotony at times characterizes his finest lines. Hence his claim to the very name of poet would not altogether pass unchallenged; his verses may be deemed by many a supreme effort of art without nature. But even if that be the case, Matthew Arnold's position on the roll of English poets is assured. His lyrics are unique in English literature, gems of their kind, well worthy to be added to the treasure-house of English poetry.



### *A un Vieux Fauteuil.*

O fauteuil d'autrefois, vieux meuble de famille,  
Grâce à toi, mon esprit remonte au temps passé.  
J'aime à te voir le soir près du foyer qui brille,  
Avec ta soie usée et ton bois tout cassé.

A mon père tu fus offert un jour de fête ;  
 Tes bras ont soutenu jadis ses bras tremblants ;  
 Voici la place vide où reposait sa tête  
 Grave et douce à la fois sous ses beaux cheveux blancs.

Grâce à toi, je revois sa noble et pure image,  
 Son air de patriarche et son front soucieux ;  
 Notre mère en silence observe son visage,  
 Et nous à leurs côtés les adorons des yeux.

Hélas ! Ces jours sont loin ! Depuis bien des années  
 Tes maîtres sont partis, ô mon vieux serviteur !  
 Mes cheveux ont blanchi, tes fleurs se sont fanées,  
 Et nous voilà brisés par le Temps destructeur.

Mais plus nous vieillissons, plus chère m'est ta vue.  
 Reste, ô reste avec moi jusqu'au jour du trépas,  
 Et quand ma dernière heure, ami, sera venue,  
 Laisse-moi doucement m'endormir dans tes bras !



### Ireland, 1881.

μᾶ Γᾶ, μᾶ Γᾶ, βοᾶν  
 φοβερὰν ἀπότρεπε.

—ÆSCH. Supp. 890.

#### I.

O Mother of nations,  
 Whom, year upon year,  
 In time's alternations  
 We love and revere,  
 O Earth, ever young in thy beauty,  
 That the sun and the wind hold dear.

## II.

Thy fairest of daughters  
With horror is pale ;  
Around, the wan waters  
Lie hushed at her wail ;  
The cry of her desolate anguish  
Floats far on the wings of the gale.

## III.

For Murder and Fear in  
Her borders abide,  
While the Sister of Erin,  
To cheer or to chide  
Is powerless against the false children  
That strike at their land to divide.

## IV.

O grant, then, thy blessing,  
Our Mother, to those  
Who, bent on redressing  
Her hardest of woes,  
Despair not at length of restoring  
Sweet peace to thy child and repose.

## V.

In perplexity sore  
We, turning to thee,  
For our statesmen implore  
Thy favour, to be  
Their Saviour and Guardian, to aid them  
In making her happy and free.

## Recollections of a New Boy.

I ENTERED Christ's Hospital in 18—. It will be inferred, with a certain approach to accuracy, that I am from one to seventy-five years of age, or thereabouts. But more precise indications are not wholly wanting. Mathematicians who have not yet "retired" from the science may be able to calculate back to a great solar eclipse, which occurred, if I am not mistaken, on a Sunday afternoon very shortly afterwards. We studied the phenomenon through burnt shreds of glass, and as I carefully followed instructions in turning the smoky side inwards, I have reason to believe that it produced the desired impression. Historical students, on the other hand, may be invited to fix the date of a new sovereign's coronation; shall I say, for example, that of Queen<sup>1</sup> Boadicea? It was on that occasion that *for the first time* in my experience we were indulged with undeniable plum pudding; and I almost wept, like Alexander, not because I had none left to conquer, but because my allowance entirely conquered me.

I was of the least recognized age, and of no size in particular, "*De minimis noti curat lex*:" the sumptuary laws paid no regard to infinitesimals. Like one of Aristophanes's characters, *ἔνεον ἐν ταῖς ἐμβάσιν*, I swam in my shoes; and, like the gentleman who had hazarded an order to a provincial tailor, I found that my trousers tended to cut me under the armpits.

<sup>1</sup> The Celtic equivalent, *Buddug*—Latin, *Victrix*.



C. T. de Q., with that generous sympathy which is rarely wanting in elder boys, proposed to me next day to wear them "properly" as a jacket, but some early sense of the fitness of things made me decline the alteration.

Out of nearly seventy candidates for admission, fifty were sent to Hertford, and the rest—myself included—remained in London. I have no particular remembrance of Dr. Rice's examination; our subsequent theory was that much depended on spelling *Cocoa* rightly; the phonetic reply of the majority "C-o co, c-o co, Co-co," being met by the sarcastic "N-o no, n-o no, no-no." In any case I could not only spell like an automaton, but was far advanced in Latin, and (though I say it) in Greek. It was a nice day's amusement of the ward to make me stand on a table and spout snatches of the Eclogues of Virgil; and I knew by heart, better than I know now, some golden maxims such as the following:

Μηδ' ὄπνον μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ' ὕμνασι προσδέξασθαι  
 Πρὶν τῶν ἡμερινῶν ἔργων τρίς ἑκαστον ἐρέσθαι·  
 Πῇ προσέβην; τί δ' ἔρεξα; τί μοι δέον οὐκ ἐτελέσθη.<sup>1</sup>

This comparative forwardness, at the time a subject of vanity, had its advantages and also its demerits. I was constantly "moving up" until I found my natural—or, perhaps, artificial—level; and was still almost a new boy when I drew nigh to the responsibilities of a Monitor and a Deputy Grecian. Meanwhile I gained,

<sup>1</sup> Nor let sweet sleep upon thine eyelids rest  
 Till thrice the question to thyself addressed—  
 "What have I done to-day? wherein transgressed?  
 Where fallen short of Duty's high behest?"

as one too small for such hardships, an unfortunate exemption from "Cheating, Running-over," and other wholesome forms of discipline. Once, indeed, at the game of "Widdy widdy way," I was lifted off my legs by a convulsive twirl of the chain, and descended head-first upon the ground; but this, like most of my misfortunes in after-life, was due to a want of ballast in myself, and not a regular incident of that euphoniously titled game.

Apart from tumbles and broken heads, it was the inevitable period of juvenile ailments, and for a long time my salient experiences were then of measles, mumps, and Mrs. May. "When pain and anguish," etc., I believe that good lady to have been a ministering angel, but, in the time of convalescence, uncertain and hard to please; and as I was generally convalescent almost before I was ill, I had some melancholy and tedious times at the Infirmary. I could a tale unfold of one pernicious mixture which I was called upon to swallow without a note of warning, and greeted with applausive breath for my acquiescence. It made me horribly sick, and proved, on further inquiry, to have been ordered for a patient of a not dissimilar name. I have no present intention of changing mine; but rather than repeat that dose, I will at once resume my ancestral title of Plantagenet.

One of these convalescent fits, whose saline taste clings to me still, cost me the Queen's visit to the City. I can still recall the gold medal won by the Head Grecian for his speech on the occasion, and the blush that mantled on his handsome cheek when the young ladies crowded round him to admire it at the public supper. "To be a well-favoured man

is the gift of fortune ; but to read and write," make speeches, and win medals, I fancied, "came by nature." On the contrary, I have rarely spoken for five minutes without getting myself into hot water, or pouring cold water on some cause deserving a better advocate. Once only, as a new boy, I acted as the Deputation of a Select Committee, who, feeling that the time was ripe, unanimously chose me to represent to Mr. Pigeon that the whole duty of a Man and a Treasurer consisted in giving us a half-holiday. I knocked at the door of the Columbarium, and delivered my message with an engaging simplicity and a sweet unconsciousness. To my surprise—not then, but now, when I reflect upon it—the answer was favourable. "Well, my little man, you shall have a half-holiday." Almost the next attempt of the kind, whoever then was the spokesman, had a less happy result. I am not going to tell again the story of the Great Rebellion ; but I recall with awe the presence of Dr. Rice and his peremptory "Go to School, or I'll flog a dozen of you !" They did go, then and there ; and he flogged two dozen, no doubt as the milder alternative.

The scene of this brief, but effective, address is peculiarly interesting to me as the horizon of my very first school recollections. I speak, of course, of the playground, familiarly called the ditch, or rather of the gnomon, or L shaped piece, which, extending from the Little Britain gates to the New Cloister (then boarded up), may be more classically described as the Piazza of the school. Our ward was temporarily accommodated high up at the Eastern end, and no doubt my "home keeping youth" clung to its shadow, and feared to expatiate unnecessarily into the hall playground, and

the dark realms of Jiff's cloister.<sup>1</sup> There was ample scope in the ditch alone for my sensitive imagination. The mathematical school, which I never dared to look into, presented to me a vista of unknown possibilities ; the grammar school, a place to escape from as soon as lessons were over ; and the writing school, a grand one for lying *perdu*, and inking one's fingers to the last moment, instead of washing them at the sound of the Preparation. To the front was the steward's house, austere, as suited its inmate, Mr. Huggins : to the right the den of that cobbler wise ("Sapiens et sutor et est rex"), man and boy, a part of the hospital and never otherwise ; at one corner of the house occupied by the Misses Green, the elder of whom was matron, and who could no more have believed in a plurality of matrons, than I in a multiplication of Prime Ministers or Masters of Trinity. There was one matron, and the nurses knew it ; and one was enough for me, for her presence was to me a signal to drop "three holes," a command to "move on" somewhere, a reproof of my untidiness, a threat of hair brushed at extra and unjustifiable times. My manners, I am sure, were such as to have warranted an outlay of the proverbial twopence more, and I believe I profited somewhat by her gratuitous lessons, though received at the time with a mock respect and a very profound impatience. It was a pleasure in after years to lead on the dear old lady to tell of the past, which was her real present, of Coleridge, Legrice, Lamb, and their contemporaries, and by dint of attentive listening and happy question-

<sup>1</sup> Jiff, I have always understood, was a corruption of its guardian's name, Old Jeff, J.F., i.e. James Fuller. I never knew it as "the Jiffs."

ing, to win the praise, as I did, of "most amusing conversation." None the less did I, as a new boy, fear her as if she had been one of the weird sisters. But my inmost capacity for reverence, by one of those misplacements there is no accounting for, settled itself on one whom I hesitate even now to name in full.

"Balbutio Scaurum." I almost fear to speak of Notley. It was not that his frame was large, but his speech was tremendous. Johnsonian or Euphuistic, as suited the occasion. I first heard his voice at the door of our ward, conveying a warning from Dr. Rice, and sternly adding, "I, too, boys, shall be on the alert." The alert, if not a quadruped, as it might have been, was, at any rate his hobby; and a praiseworthy determination to stand by the authorities—"Come out of this, you boys, come out at once; you shall not make Dr. Rice's study your place of rendezvous."<sup>1</sup>

He was also tremendous for catching us out in the writing school. "Follow me," he said to a phalanx of us, as he tore away to the Steward's office. "Follow me," said a precious young pickle as often as not, and we turned off by our left, and from the environs of the pump enjoyed his discomfiture. But of myself, I could not have defied him; how did I know but that he might exercise against me the appalling right of "No Thoroughfare," which he alone could relax?

It would be an easy transition from the ditch to the dining hall, the Steward and the stone, the choir

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Notley was hardly aware, I think, of the authority he could claim for his pronunciation.

"Such is our case; we can't appoint our house,  
The lovers' old and wonted rendezvous."

(Dryden, 1672.)

and the organist, and so on; or again from the week-day to the Sunday, its Christ Church services, the afternoon, one hot and sleepy to any extent, its "Sides" after dinner, and its sermon in hall after supper. But a new boy's recollections are vague and uncertified as the stars; they are dotted lines here and there, and belong to no one plane or sphere of vision. A chapter might be given to each heading, and a touch of invention superadded might make a number of readable instalments. I would rather give a sort of unity to this one paper, already threatening to exceed in length, by confining it to the limits I-know, or knew, so well. In the playground which I have described one leading feature is, of course, the Treasurer's house; and that house, as having been occupied at the time I refer to by Mr. Pigeon, I have playfully named the Dovecot or Columbarium. "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;" and I rarely humorize without a touch of sadness. The last time I visited Christ's Hospital I had fresh in my recollection a visit to the Columbarium on the Appian Way. I shall be pardoned by those who know, for explaining to those who do not, that the Columbaria, or pigeon-houses, at Rome are underground buildings with niches containing the urns and oftentimes the ashes of those long dead, and I shall be acquitted of mere affectation, if I say that, looking round from point to point, counting over the well-remembered names, Treasurer, Head Master, Steward, Matron, Nurse Bennett of my first ward, and Nurse Ackland of my last, Porter, Cobbler, all of whom I had known, the whole range of buildings, sunny and bright as ever, for a moment seemed to me one large Columbarium. Only for a moment: the sense of

present life and continuity in the grand old Hospital dispelled all personal feeling. But it is due to that momentary impulse, and to the awakened recollections it brought with it, that I have been tempted to commit to paper these records of a past generation.



### *O ubi Campi.*

I am tired, I am tired, I've been stewing for weeks  
Over musty collections of Romans and Greeks,  
Over mummies and dummies in sawdust and bran ;  
I can't understand them and don't know who can.

I am tired, I am tired of Cicero's jokes ;  
Oh, surely the Romans were very dull folks :  
Bucolics and Tusculans put them together,  
Compared with Miss Braddon they don't weigh a  
feather.

Just think of those antediluvian times,  
Of Virgil or Horace reciting their rhymes :  
With a voice full of passion, and gesture to mate it,  
In toga and slippers—I can't contemplate it.

Then take them and fling them all out to the winds ;  
Let Æolus collar whatever he finds.  
He is welcome, for I, for a long time to come,  
Shall not be in need of their *auxilium*.

### *A Classic Ruin.*

[Supposed to be the remains of a Latin comic song ; the sentiment, however, is not new to us.]

Dandus est patruo locus,  
O Thomasie !  
O care ! da patruo locum,  
Ut mecum sedeat.  
Nam mater crusta possidet,  
Quæ est datura ti—bi.  
Fuge vexare—O puer care,  
Da patruo locum—da !



### *To the Memory of a Bicycle.*

Thou rare and radiant thing, that sent  
From heaven to shine upon a lowlier soil,  
Art glistening with the lustre lent  
By neat's-foot oil,

I love thee : when in genial mood,  
Like sunlight as it sparkles on the stream,  
Thou flashest o'er the dusky road,  
With gracious gleam ;

Or when, as erst, beneath my feet,  
Thy inauspicious course was far from firm,  
The laughing-stock of Downing Street  
In my first term.



Proceeding in a devious line,  
"I feared thy" meaningless, erratic "motion"  
(Whether or no thou "feared's mine,"  
I've not a notion).

Together have we braved the scorn  
Of ribald charioteers; and sundry shames  
And, not uncommonly, have borne  
Abusive names.

My Ariel, wilt thou yet return?  
The thunder-threatening Tripos gathers head,  
While thou, without the least concern,  
Art falsely fled.

And many a weary month has rolled,  
Three several Springs have smiled on Winter's  
chills,—  
To tell the truth, thou hast been sold  
To pay my bills.

Mild memory of departed days!  
Thy loss may claim a tributary tear;  
May task the lyre to sing thy praise,  
As mine does here.

Yet,—pondering, even while I sigh,  
The griefs I suffered, gaining skill to guide thee,  
The wanton wish *will* rise that I  
Had never tried thee.

To all who shun thee, through the fear  
Or of expense or of excoriations,  
I beg to offer my sincere  
Congratulations.

## The Social Amateur.

"If you are not proud of your cellar, there is no thrill of satisfaction in seeing your guest hold up his wine-glass to the light and look judicial.—MIDDLEMARCH.

MR. CARLYLE applies the epithet "washed-out" to this nineteenth century; and it is difficult at first sight to realize the exact meaning of the Chelsea Philosopher. Putting aside, however, for the present the possible application of the expression to the political thought and energy of the day, we may, perhaps, with due apologies to the great thinker for any liberties we may take with his meaning, affix to his somewhat unpoetical, but at least graphic epithet, a suggestive meaning. He seems to signify that the present conditions of life want energy and reality; life in cities is, he would say, mechanically regulated by subservience to fashion; literary activity tends to become merely critical, and wanting in originality; government is a mere question of administration, not of policy; the "starch" is wanting.

And, indeed, few can avoid noticing the superficial tone of society. It used to be said that a rightly educated man should know a little of everything, and everything about something. People would really, in the present day, seem anxious to *appear* to know everything about everything. Without incurring the charge of cynicism, we may say that it seems to be considered a social crime to betray ignorance in those matters which are supposed to be current information

and thought of the time. Your amateur Aristarchus is quite at home in the Eastern Question of course ; but ask him what is meant by Panslavism, inquire tenderly of him whether he understands the leading features of the Declaration of Paris, and he glides into a misty atmosphere of generalities, quoting, maybe, the latest ephemeral dogma of the *Globe*, or the last caustic epigram from the *Pall Mall's* lucubrations on the question of the day. You inveigle him into a picture gallery, and you find his remarks, like the Platonic Idea, still more "void of content." As *Punch* said, he nails his flag to the mast in the formula, "the picture is beautiful;" though as a thinking man you insist, in pointing out the daub which is honoured by the name of an old master, that it is disgusting in subject, unpleasing in colour, coarse in treatment, and generally revolting. But he is a glib master of the terms "chiaroscuro," "genre," "idealism," "motive," and reigns supreme in his little court.

He has read Ruskin in a light and airy way, but thinks him (if he ever ventures in a lucid interval to be critical) "so fanciful, you know." He has some friends at the bar, and much affects his professional friends' chambers; perchance he knows the names of the judges; probably he indulges you with a racy anecdote about the arcana of the life of some leading Q.C. He asks you if you have seen "the *Nineteenth Century*," but could expound Mr. Tennyson's sonnet with about as much perspicuity as he would the latest problem of a German metaphysician; he is in all things the incarnate negation of thoroughness, a personified minus quantity, a standing contradiction of all exactness; his life is a kaleidoscope of indistinct impressions; his

thoughts are the feeble swallow-flights of borrowed criticisms, the crumbs under the table of the social feasters whose thoughts and lives are the salt of the earth.

After all, this type of mind is but the outcome of the age. Apart from the professions accurate knowledge of any kind is rare; any signs of a disinterested effort to know and communicate to others "the best that is said and thought in the world" are devoutly to be wished, but such signs are like the visits of the Phoenix to Egypt or the calls of angelic guests—"few and far between." In the race and struggle for existence, familiar both as phrase and reality, the motto seems to be a parody of the dictum of Horace:—"Get wealth honestly if you can, but wealth" (intellectual furniture for the mind) "at all hazards." It is the war-cry of the crusaders against examinations and competitive appointments that a wide area of knowledge flitted over, rather than a thorough study of a limited amount, is, under present systems, the means of success; the result is that accuracy is lost, though it must be confessed that a certain amount of mental breadth is undoubtedly gained in the more superficial process. And, in fact, the problems of life present themselves in a more complex form to-day than they did in the times of the old philosopher who, living three centuries before Christ, thought the experiences which he had to gather up into his political system were sufficient material for the solution of any political problems that might offer themselves. The amateur, in fact, is often a pleasant companion though a superficial thinker; he may perhaps see the relations between things far separated quicker than the specialist; in his social

aspects he is merely accommodating himself to the exigencies of his "environment." It is beyond question that he is a social fact and rather an obtrusive one; hence we may in the long run find it the best policy to

Be to his faults a little blind,  
And to his virtues very kind.



### **The Rhyme of the Ancient Blue.**

It is an ancient Bluecoat boy,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thine old Bluecoat and tawdry hose,  
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"

"The Hall, its doors are opened wide,  
And I am going up,  
Step up the stairs and walk inside,  
And see the 'Public Sup!'"

He holds him with his horny hand,  
"There was a time," quoth he;  
"Leave go, unhand me, Shabby Blue,"  
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye,  
The Supper Guest stood still,  
He listened like a three-years child,  
The Bluecoat hath his will.

The Supper Guest sat on a stone,  
He cannot choose but hear,  
And thus, forsooth, that seedy youth  
Spake, whispering in his ear :—

“The Hall was packed, it is a fact,  
Merrily did we eat,  
The Mayor was there, and ladies fair,  
The Bluecoat Boys were neat.

“The music played, it was arranged,  
And shining was my head,  
And I was bound for taking round  
The basket with the bread.

“The band had stopt their noisy din,  
Painful it was to hear,  
And rising up, we left our seats  
Ere bowing to the Chair.

“My robes were blue, ay, very blue,  
My legs like golden sands,  
To make a bob it was a job  
So starched were my bands.

“Pair after pair, pair after pair  
We bowed, all tramp, all motion,  
Just like a string of tiny Scrubs  
Receiving chilblain lotion.

“Bowing, bowing all the time,  
Till I began to blink ;  
Bowing, bowing all the time,  
And more to bow—I shrink.

“ About, about each pair stepped out,  
And still they bowed that night,  
The crowd went on, and on, and on,  
All yellow, blue, and white.

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide space,  
And never a thing to think upon,  
Save nodding to that face.

“ I looked it o’er, I tried to bow,  
But or ever my head had bent,  
The basket filled with bread tipped up,  
Right off my head it went.

“ The bread it hit the Chairman’s head,  
And left a mark, they say,  
The look with which he looked at me,  
Has never passed away.”

The Bluecoat boy, whose eye was bright,  
Whose coat was torn and poor,  
Is gone, and now the Supper Guest  
Turns from that ancient door.

He went like one who has been stunned,  
And is of sense unsound,  
They haunt his dreams, those crowds of Blues  
All bowing, bowing round.

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“*H<sup>r</sup> Public Supping.*”

- A's y<sup>e</sup> *Ancient custom* of y<sup>e</sup> public supping in y<sup>e</sup> hall ;  
 B y<sup>e</sup> *Boys* each week in Lent assembled there, both  
     great and small,  
 C y<sup>e</sup> *Candlesticks* bedeckt with flowers so gay by  
     some one's hands ;  
 D y<sup>e</sup> *Dress* so quaint and ugly, long coat, buttons,  
     belt, and bands :  
 E y<sup>e</sup> *Energy* in eating — worthy to be mentioned  
     here—  
 F y<sup>e</sup> *Food*, a quantum suff. of simple, satisfying  
     cheer :  
 G y<sup>e</sup> *Gold* profusely scattered o'er y<sup>e</sup> Beadle's wasp-  
     like *Gown* ;  
 H y<sup>e</sup> *Head* in gown resplendent looking quite a  
     proper noun.  
 I y<sup>e</sup> *Interest* which you conjecture from y<sup>e</sup> cheerful  
     noise ;  
 J y<sup>e</sup> *Jolly* rosy faces, seen in nearly all y<sup>e</sup> boys :  
 K y<sup>e</sup> *Knife boys* with their baskets on their arms, and  
     side by side  
 L y<sup>e</sup> *Layers* of y<sup>e</sup> tables, tasks in which they take a  
     pride :  
 M y<sup>e</sup> *Matrons* in their places thro' y<sup>e</sup> evening to be  
     found ;  
 N y<sup>e</sup> *Nuisance* which it seems they undergo in bowing  
     round.



- O y° *Organ*, where presides y° able and efficient  
Cooper,  
P y° *Pedals* managed with an excellence you might  
call 'super':  
Q y° *Quire*, well conducted, standing *darkly* up aloft:  
R y° *Raps* with which y° Warden gives y° signals  
very oft:  
S y° *Sounds* of pipe and trumpet, cornet, clarionet,  
and flute,  
T y° *Trombone* which a solo sometimes dares to  
execute:  
U th' *Unanimous approval* every time displayed by  
all  
V y° *Visitors* who like to come and crowd our stately  
hall:  
W y° *Welcome* shown whenever Royalty appears;  
X y° *Extra noise* then caused by our tumultuous  
hearty cheers.  
Y y° *Yellow stockings* which on every side you're sure  
to see,  
Z y° *Zeal* for which commend me writing you this  
A B C.
-

## The Somnambulist.

DID any of you every try sleep walking? If not, take the advice of an old boy who has, and—don't! I will a tale unfold.

Like many of you youngsters, I had, on coming up from Hertford, an earnest desire to get on. I had an innate propensity for asking queer questions about things. People often looked shocked and snubbed me, but I noticed that they were amused notwithstanding, I did nothing but strive after learning, and the many "cakes" which I received did not appease my hunger to know more, and to understand things that seemed contrary to reason. Well, well! I worked by day, dreamed by night, and—you shall see!

One night an angel of surpassing beauty appeared to me. In her face was power tempered with kindness—no fear, no anxiety, no sorrow there! As she called me by name, I started up afraid, but the kindly eye of the angel reassured me, and I heard in tones of music: "I am KNOWLEDGE; if thou wilt, follow me to Paradise." I arose immediately and obediently followed the wondrous vision down the stone stairs of No. VIII. into the garden. It was drear November, and I feared KNOWLEDGE would vanish in the fog. I entreated her to stay, but she still beckoned me on, and at length halted with open arms to receive me. I rushed to her embrace. A deathlike chill penetrated my every bone! The angel was *frozen*! A convulsive sob burst from my inmost being, and bitter tears fell warm and fast upon the lifeless arms of the garden pump! Ah me! φοβερὰν ὄψιν ἔμαθον ἐδάην.

“*Dulce est desipere in loco.*”

HORACE.

WHO can resist a good story? And who can help liking a good story-teller? The very earliest instinct of our babyhood was to ask for a “story,” and the same instinct grows on us, until in old age the hoarded memories of the heart are poured out in such endless streams that we are—but for the reverence due to grey hairs—fairly wearied by the hearing of them. It is a very old taste too: the quaint history of Herodotus is in one aspect an amusing, unconnected string of gossiping tales; and the comic poets of Greece show us how thoroughly the Athenian loved what we colloquially call a personal “score” off a less witty companion. It was good-natured humour, too, that lurked in the many hits at the public characters in Greek life; life itself to the Greek was altogether far too light and sunny and merry a thing to be embittered at all by personal stories moulded in repartee or *bon-mot*; there was no ponderous acidity about their good stories such as we find in tales of the surly Romans. It was part of the education of the Greek gentleman to be able to talk well at table. What a contrast with modern notions!

Indeed, our love for anything merry by way of a personal or non-personal anecdote is easily accounted for. Perhaps we are busier now than men and boys used to be; we have more irons in the fire; we are more thankful for a little relaxation; and hence the gift for anecdote is as essential an ingredient in society

as the running-ground, or the cricket-field, the Crystal Palace, or the Christy Minstrels !

Few of us, perhaps, realize the amount of influence which one unit in society brings to bear on another :—an influence as all-pervading on the funny side of life as on the serious. The "chaff" that smoothes away the "tiff" is almost as efficacious as the admonishment of the pædagogues—perhaps it is more so, for its effects are not so clearly seen and judged of ; it is, in fact, analogous in its effects to the saying that "Gestures are more powerful than words or deeds."

But how about the hero of this so potent force ? There is much to be said about him, and his responsibilities and advantages ; but this is no place for a solemn lecture, and even in penning this, the writer is conscious of smiling loudly, to quote Bret Harte, at the notion of *his* reading a lecture on such a matter. But, seriously, it is wondrous easy "to play the fool" (this is not Shakespeare, though it may read like it !), and we would warn the youthful punster and "chaffster" (excuse the word) against turning buffoon ; a merry talker, like the poet, "*nascitur non fit* ;" while the buffoon more often "*fit non nascitur* ;" the true jewels in boys' and men's societies are those sunny temperaments whose outcome is talk which requires no "Nestor, to swear the joke is laughable ;"—boys and men who attract us we know not how ; whose presence we miss, though we cannot quite say why ; who help us to an invaluable extent over the mole-hills and mountains which often seem to—and often really—lie in our path.

The Sydney Smiths and Charles Dickenss will outlive, at least in men's loving memories, the acrid critics or the erudite historians. Such humourists are

making history, as the new phrase goes; they are influencing the lives of the men among whom they are living and moving; while again, upon the receptive mind of the humourist, his many companionships react, giving him fresh material for "laughter holding both its sides," whether under a written or spoken form. Sir Walter Scott, Burns, nay, the author of "Hamlet" himself, are remembered and studied as much for their lighter and merrier as for their more solid and more serious moods. Does not Mr. Tennyson himself end that most solemn of modern poems, "In Memoriam," with a right merry and vivid sketch of a wedding breakfast?



### *After Leigh Hunt.*

It may not be generally known that a totally new edition of the best English Poets is about to be published, the chief merit of which consists in its almost entire originality. We select from it the following specimen of Leigh Hunt—himself a Blue. It will be hardly necessary to point out an historical inaccuracy which occurs in the piece, No. Six Ward having always been without a Grecian.

Muggins of Sixes' (may his ward increase)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw within the gaslight in the ward  
 His Grecian, who was whacking one that snored.  
 The while with pencil—aluminium gold—  
 He something seemed to write. Muggins grew bold,

And to the Grecian standing by his bed  
 He cried, 'What writest thou?' He raised his head,  
 And answered, while a shoe at him he threw,  
 'The names of those who've paid up for the *Blue*!'   
 'And is mine one?' said Muggins. 'Nay, not so,'  
 Replied the Grecian. Muggins whistled low,  
 And in his—nightshirt—sleeve he chuckled, saying,  
 'Write me as one that wants one without paying!'

The Grecian smote and vanished. The next night  
 He came with hockey-stick, not over-light,  
 Holding the names of the heroic few  
 Who paid a year's subscription to the *Blue*.  
 Then, adding one, he showed the youth the list,  
 And lo! young Muggins' name led all the rest!



## Prologue. 1876.

I am the Prologue to our Speech-day Show,  
 The herald of my anxious friends below:  
 Poor things! They're modest, they daren't show their  
 faces

Unless they know they are in your good graces.  
 Think that for you they've cast themselves away  
 To act, dissemble, play the rogue to-day.  
 Shylock—a mild youth—wouldn't hurt a fly—  
 Now longs for pounds of flesh :—to hear him cry  
 "I'll have my bond"—to see him whet that knife—  
 So changed! I couldn't think it 'pon my life!

LEARN FROM HIS END TO TRUST NOR BOND NOR SCRIP,  
OR ELSE THE TURK MAY HAVE YOU ON THE HIP !

And then there's Tony, once a duteous son—  
See how he tricks his mother, all for fun !  
See podgy Bacchus ape strong Hercules.  
See honest folk turn rascals such as these !  
And all for you : perhaps there's no return :  
Perhaps the tricks we've learnt, we won't unlearn ;

Why should not Shylock, eager for his pound,  
Turn butcher ? Bacchus play the heir long drowned ?  
Or Tony start a silver mine for gulls ?  
As we've done this for you, you spare our mulls ;  
Give us some small indulgence—where it's needed—  
If our scene-painter has not quite succeeded,

[*pointing to the bare oak panelling.*]

Think that with Bacchus—dismal swamps around—  
You've booked for Acheron by th' UNDERGROUND.  
Think that you see the Duke in gorgeous chair,  
The Doge of Venice fronting London's Mayor ;  
Think that his yellow hose are all of gold :  
His coat a ducal mantle's purple fold :  
Think on his head—Nay—but you can't think that—  
*So would you kindly lend that fine Fur Hat ?*

[*Addressing the City Sword-bearer.*]

Then let a thousand Portias for our one  
Plead well for mercy when our trial's done.



## Monks and Monasticism.

“Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius.”—S. BERNARD.

THERE is perhaps no institution of which we moderns know so little as that of Monasticism. Few subjects have escaped the searching glance of the nineteenth century *littérateur*. But Monasticism enjoys the very enviable privilege of having escaped the destructive grasp of modern criticism. Still even this noble institution has not stood the brunt of the battle without receiving many grievous wounds. For there is nothing so pleasant and gratifying to your modern “man of the world” as to sneer at every relic that recalls to his mind the evils of the rule of Churchmen. There is happily another branch of society which can find no rest for its soul in the discoveries of boastful scientists, and the materializing theorists who profess to have found the new elixir of life—the only path of happiness. Mediævalism is slowly making its way, seen now in art, and now in feeble though not altogether futile revivals of the religious life. It is because the ecclesiastical institutions of the Dark Ages have to breast such a rapid stream of indifferentism, and even hate, that they have made such little way.

It is, moreover, because of this violent opposition that Monasticism has produced little or no effect in later days, although we may see many institutions that grew up side by side with it that have not lost their



vigour even now. We need not go far to seek another reason. All the historical events in our country since the Reformation tend more and more to stamp out the name of monk from among us. The suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII. first kindled the long smouldering flame of popular hatred for "monkery." To think that vile ecclesiastics should have lorded in England, should have lived on the fat of the land, should have ground down the people as their menials! Such was the form the popular indignation took, while men of culture like Erasmus and Colet lavished their keen sarcasm on "the lovers of darkness." Still the desire for the suppression of the monasteries was by no means the desire of the majority. The people rose in rebellion, feeble though it was, to protest against such a course, while a long and fierce debate in the Commons ended only in a compromise. Perhaps the monasteries might still have prolonged their existence, might still have kept their hold on the hearts of the English people. But another enemy was in the field. Another foe was fast approaching, nay, was even now at hand. Puritanism inflicted a deadly wound on any relic of Monasticism that might have escaped the avarice of Henry. It was toward the end of Elizabeth's reign that a party was beginning to form inspired with a mortal hatred of all that was Popish. This party was soon to blacken the whole sky of the national character. The sour look, the nasal twang, the mournful dress of Mr. Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord (as Macaulay names the ideal Puritan) now began to show itself in place of the cowl of the regular clergy. But the Puritans for all their virulent hate of Monasticism only succeeded in reproducing the same

sentiments and feelings under a different guise. The monk retired to the cloister to live in peace and seclusion from the world, intent on the attainment of the perfect life. The Puritan came forth into the world, but avoided its contagion, having no communion with the congregation of sinners, living only in the company of the "saints." For all their efforts they only succeeded in secularizing Monasticism. Once again in English history did the shade of Monasticism appear, only to be again driven back to nether gloom. The Jesuits who flitted across the stage of history under James II. soon vanished, to be succeeded by the courtier bishop and fox-hunting parson of the Georgian period. This was one more thrust at the spectre. But now in our own days we see the thin shade rising once more into life, growing gradually more vigorous and healthy as our National Church revives. The system is rising again before our eyes. Is there not then a good opportunity of unearthing its relics, in hope to find its perished glories?

The history of Monasticism is so closely and intimately bound up with the moral, social, and political character of the Middle Ages that to sketch the system even in outline would involve a deep knowledge of the philosophy, thought, character, and history of that long and eventful period. It will then be sufficient just to seize at hazard upon a few salient points, which meet the gaze of any inquirer into this institution.

One is at once confronted with the question, how to justify the existence of the system? Was it ever the intention of Providence, it is asked, that men and women should separate themselves from the world, thus shaking off all responsibility for their work

therein? No doubt such a course is "plainly repugnant to the Word of God," to use the expression of the Thirty-Nine Articles. But, leaving out this aspect of the argument, consider the case as it presented itself to the minds of remote generations. For the only true way for a critic to consider the right or wrong of any historical movement is to put himself in the position of those who witnessed its birth and life. It has been remarked that there were two forces in action in the earlier part of the Middle Ages, the impulses of religious enthusiasm and of obedience to one constituted authority. Monasticism sprang from both of these. Men had but lately seen how the universal empire had been torn limb from limb by barbarian invaders, and how the action of the body politic had been paralyzed by internal decay. The State was in confusion, and the Church ill at rest. One thing only was necessary for the pursuit of perfection—that was retirement. Again, the faithful saw the peril of the Church. They saw her storm-tossed among the waves, and menaced by the hostile forces of Islamism. A strong religious enthusiasm now spread through all ranks of society, whose aim was to restore peace to the Church and to afford better opportunities for the pursuit of the higher life. This enthusiasm found expression, among other things, in Monasticism. The impulses of enthusiasm in religion, and of obedience to constituted authority, went hand in hand, the one marshalling the other into a strong and efficient force. The world was sickening with the poison of internal dissensions and barbarian invasions. Retirement was the only antidote, Monasticism the only medicine, that could restore health and vigour to

the diseased frame. So then, strictly, perhaps the system may be unjustifiable; but, if ever the end could justify the means, Monasticism, springing as it did from a desire so noble as the unity of Christendom, cannot fail to be the most brilliant instance of good coming from an evil principle.

As to the causes of Monasticism, its causes are its justification. Just as in the later days Dante, looking back to the one period of universal peace under Augustus, hailed the Emperor Henry IV. as the redeemer of disordered Italy; just as Petrarch welcomed the advent of Rienzi and Charles IV. as deliverers of his country; so did the more enlightened minds of the fifth century long for release from the turmoil and disorder of the world. They found that only in the cloister. But more than this; when in the eleventh century the Church was entering on the struggle with the Empire, she needed a powerful and efficient army. As the Emperor had his orders of chivalry to fight his cause, so must the Pope have an array of knights to defend his position. He found it in the mendicant orders, the Franciscans and Dominicans. They were the chivalry of the Church; through them at length the Church prevailed. The monastic movement was now firmly set on foot. The orders grew in wealth and power till abbots guided the destinies of States and became the most influential among the counsellors of kings.

The moment of success is always the beginning of decay. Prosperity fosters vice even more than persecution nourishes virtue. Roman piety and purity was never surpassed in the early days when Rome was oppressed on all sides by foes. Roman wickedness and lasciviousness was never so appalling as when the

world lay at her feet. The monastic orders were no exception to the rule. As soon as their power reached its highest, a rapid decay set in. Their vices increased to such a pitch that their very names became a bye-word of guilt and crime. These first symptoms of their waning power were supplemented by a still greater force. The new learning was now opening men's minds. They began to perceive that the monasteries, though once the home of learning, had now given themselves over to lazy debauchery; that what learning did still flicker on burnt with dimmed flame. The attitude of the monks to the new learning was necessarily hostile. They were unwilling that their learning should pass to the laity, knowing full well that their superior intelligence was the source of their power. But Monasticism had done its work; its force was spent, and its strength effete. No longer did the monks fight as knights of the Church, nor keep up the spirit of religious enthusiasm. They were made out impostors, secreters of the precious metal. Their fate was sealed. The Reformation struck the first and final blow. Their influence waned. They themselves were hated and despised; nay, in some countries even blotted out from the face of the earth.

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## A Mathematical Novel,

WHICH WILL, IT IS HOPED, FOR EVER SILENCE THOSE CLASSICAL  
DETRACTORS WHO AFFIRM THAT TRIANGLES AND LOGARITHMS  
LACK ROMANCE.

He was a dismal man, he was, and I was much inclined  
To come to the conclusion he had something on his mind.  
His hair was long, his gait was slow, his countenance  
profound;  
And as he walked he never raised his eyes above the  
ground.

“Oh! tell me, noble sir,” quoth I, “if I may make so  
bold,  
Why *is* your hair so very long, your hat so very old?”  
He spoke in husky tones, he did, and said that he was  
dry;  
He drank my health in bitter beer, and told me this  
was why:—

“My name is Jones,” impressively he spoke the name  
he bore—  
I was not moved, for I had heard the sentiment before—  
“My name is Jones. My early life was spent at Trin.  
Coll. Cam.—  
And let me casually say I was not what I am.

My bent was mathematical; my genius was great  
Ere a broken heart reduced me to my present mournful  
state.  
At school I ever looked on tarts as mere delusive shams,  
And found with zeal the areas of parallelograms.

I studied with an ardent bliss which verged on the  
divine,  
The exponential value of the tangent and the sine ;  
And if I ever smashed a pane, 'twas only to remark  
The stone describing sections of a parabolic arc.

At college, while the thoughtless gave their parties and  
their wines,  
I loved to sit and contemplate the beauties of straight  
lines ;  
But that bright life, those glowing hopes of such fair  
outward seem,  
(This beer is good) have vanished like the shadow of a  
dream.

I remember—ah ! so well—with what ineffable delight  
The radiant form of an ellipse first met my raptured  
sight ;  
How the equation to the chord would thrill me with  
wild glee,  
Expressed in terms of the eccentric angle *M P C*.

Her fascinating symmetry enthralled my virgin heart ;  
But she, alas ! was cold, and I perceived we needs must  
part.  
It blighted my affections, and I gradually pined,  
And unrequited love began to prey upon my mind.

I fell a passive victim to dejection and despair ;  
Earth was a void—and then it was I ceased to cut my  
hair.  
I lost my Senior Wranglership, and from that new  
mishap  
I date my partiality to hats without a nap."

He drained his seventh glass, and while I settled for the beer

With solemn voice he warned me from a similar career:  
"Young man, beware of Todhunter, his dangerous connections.

And shun, oh! shun the siren shapes of heartless  
Conic Sections."



### **How Rome was not Built in a Day.**

BEFORE commencing this narrative, it might be as well to state that the account of the Foundation of Rome contains much more mystery than history, and is involved in such a veil of obscurity that no human power can avail to tear it down. It is probable that when the poets saw the fine banquet of fiction that was offered them, they were inclined to be voracious rather than veracious; and that, through this error on the part of the bards, we too are barred from learning the truth.

Once upon a time there reigned in the city of Alba Longa a king of the name of Numitor. Unfortunately his reign ended in a storm; for his younger brother Amulius got up a demonstration against him and deposed him. Now Numitor's family consisted of one girl, named Rhea; and Amulius, fearing that he should rear a viper in his bosom, bethought him of the priestess-ship of Vesta, with which honour he at once



proceeded to invest her. The vestal virgins were obliged to have their flowing tresses shorn off, a proceeding at which they were greatly distressed. And it was their duty to keep the spark of Vesta perpetually burning, but to give no encouragement whatever to any other kind of spark.

But though Rhea Silvia became a vestal virgin, she hadn't the least intention of remaining single all her life; and when a dashing military man, Colonel Mars by name, paid her his addresses, she accepted him at once and married him. In the course of time she gave birth to twins; on hearing of which her uncle was observed to wince, and to mutter something that didn't sound well for the children. Acting up to his cruel intentions, he ordered them to be placed in a wooden bowl, meaning to make of them another pair of "Babes in the Wood"; observing, at the same time, that as the children could never be anything but a trouble to him, he would drown his troubles in the bowl.

Not understanding, through their tender age, the drift of their uncle's purpose, the infants drifted down the Tiber, completely unconscious of their danger, until, by a sudden turn of the tide, their bark was landed high and dry on the bank; whereupon the babes, having never heard the proverb, "Don't cry out before you're out of the wood!" began to scream as babies only can scream. A philanthropic wolf, who was refreshing herself at the stream, was attracted from the water in the river to the whine in the wood, and set off at a trot to the place where the infants lay. After administering a good licking—with her tongue, of course—she proceeded to give them suck, as well as

succour, and by this means the children obtained, on the wet bank, a regal banquet. Afterwards the wolf took them to her cave, where she introduced them to a great friend of hers, a woodpecker, who took to them immensely, and supplied them with their daily grub; so that the children may be said to have lived on a Diet of Worms. To such a pitch did he carry his attentions to the children, that he completely wormed himself into their confidence. The babes were christened Romulus and Remus, and the wolf procured the services of a couple of tomtits and a sparrow to stand sponsors for them. Luckily for our little heroes they were one day discovered by a certain Faustulus, known in history as "ye gentil shepherd," who penetrated into the cave during the absence of the wolf, and managed to escape unharmed, with the children under his cape.

When they had reached the age of incipient manhood, Remus was taken up on a charge of sheep-stealing, and carried before Numitor, who, noticing the lad's extreme likeness to his (Numitor's) great-grandmother, exclaimed, "My long-lost chee-ild!" and rushed into the arms of the astonished Remus. Soon after, the old gentleman adopted the twins, and sent them to a first-class academy at Gabii, to finish the education that the woodpecker had begun. Anxious to do something for their grandfather, Romulus and Remus got up a demonstration in his favour, and after restoring him to the throne of Alba Longa, and killing Amulius, determined to employ themselves with a little building speculation of their own. But when they had given to their airy nothings a local habitation and a name, that is to say, had determined on the site of

the city, a little difference arose as to who should be architect in chief; and, seeing no other way of deciding, they agreed to refer the matter to augury. Remus accordingly took up his station on the Aventine Hill, while his pal mounted the Palatine.

No sooner was Remus at the top than he cried out that he saw six vultures flying from north to south, a statement for which there was absolutely no foundation. Romulus, feeling it his duty to cap this bouncer with a bigger one, at once declared that he saw *twelve* birds of the same species. Those historians who favour Remus state that he probably used a telescope, while his brother scanned the heavens through an opera-glass, which enabled him to see double. Be this as it may, the dispute waxed fiercer between the twins, until they at length agreed to work the oracle, that is, to get the Augur to tip them the wink on consideration of their tipping him a large amount of gold. His answer, which, as usual, was exceedingly ambiguous, has thus been beautifully translated from the original hexameters :—

“Thus doth Phœbus Apollo give answer to suppliant mortals :

“If Dick is the father of Tom, what relation is Thomas to Richard ?

“Ponder these words in your hearts, and deduce the inscrutable meaning.”

Up to the present date, no commentators have been able to explain satisfactorily the meaning of these verses; indeed, the soothsayer, far from having said anything to soothe, had uttered what was much more likely to irritate. When this remarkable judgment

had been pronounced, Romulus, declaring that might was right, took the law into his own hands, and began to build the city. He marked out the boundaries and bulwarks by means of a plough in which a white bull worked. While this operation was progressing, Remus amused himself by jumping over the line, crying, "Thus shall the enemies leap over these barriers!" by which conduct he aggravated Romulus to such a degree that the latter caught up a trowel and administered to his brother such a blow on the head, that he was forced to take his departure, or cut his stick, to the banks of the Styx, where Charon, with many a care on his mind, hobbles about demanding the obols of the passengers. Whether Remus had enough money in his pocket to pay his fare has never been discovered: his name henceforth disappears from the annals of history; and in the morning after his murder, when the neighbouring rustics turned out to look at the rising works, Remus, as well as the city, was Found-dead.

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## *The Wonderful Ballad of the Sea Serpent.*

### I.

*The Author  
apostrophiseth  
the reader.*

OH, say, have you heard of the wondrous snake,  
Who rambles about the sea?  
Have you seen him in travelling caravans,  
Or in a menagerie?

### II.

*He introduceth  
the "Mary  
Jane."*

If not, lend an ear to the tale I tell,  
Of the good ship "Mary Jane,"  
Which left its port one September morn,  
But never was seen again.

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III.

He describeth  
the crew and  
the object of  
the voyage.

A captain, a mate, and a boy were crew,  
A very imposing figure ;  
And the ship was sent out to deliver tracts  
To the unconverted nigger.

IV.

He telleth the  
appellations of  
the crew.

Now the name of the captain was Mr. Smith,  
Which is not an uncommon one ;  
The mate was called Jones, and the name of the boy  
Was Master Robinson.

V.

The beginning  
of troubles.

The gales at first sent them gaily on,  
And their troubles did not arrive  
Until they had come to longitude one,  
And latitude twenty-five.

VI.

The boy behold-  
eth the serpent.

Now the boy one day was keeping his watch,  
When something he chanced to spy ;  
And floating beside the ship he sees  
A snake, with his (s)naked eye ;

VII.

He examineth  
the monster.

So down he runs for his telescope,  
As sailors are wont to do ;  
And he makes out its length to be sixty miles,  
And decimal nought nought two.

VIII.

The mate useth  
nautical lan-  
guage.

Then he calls the mate, who is taken aback  
When the object his eyesight strikes ;  
And vents his surprise in "shiver my limbs,"  
With allusions to marlin-spikes.

IX.

The serpent  
waxeth hungry.

Now as soon as the snake beheld the ship,  
He gave a terrific cry,  
And rattled his jaws, as if to announce  
That his dinner hour was nigh.

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X.

He pursueth his  
prey.

But never a bite did he get that night,  
So he follows the ship for miles ;  
Past Jersey and France, and the Cape of Good Hope,  
And the Balearic Isles.

XI.

The crew trieth  
to give him  
medicine.

They feed him in every way, but nought  
His serpentine stomach fills ;  
So at length they gave him some Epsom Salts,  
And two Antibilious Pills.

XII.

They try doses  
of other kinds.

It had no effect ; for he still pursues,  
With the same unceasing rattle ;  
Unmoved by doses of candle-grease,  
And Thorley's Food for Cattle.

XIII.

The lot of death  
falleth upon the  
hapless boy.

But now it was perfectly evident  
That something must needs be done ;  
So at length they agree to decide by chance,  
And the lot fell on Robinson !

XIV.

The youth com-  
mitteth himself  
to destruction,

Then the youth recites his litany,  
And proceeds to blow his nose,  
Sings a nautical song, and cries " Belay,"  
And overboard he goes.

XV.

Before long, the  
captain and  
mate do so like-  
wise.

But 'twas all no use, the snake wouldn't move,  
Although with a gulp he swallowed him ;  
Suffice it to say, ere a week and a day,  
The captain and mate had followed him.

XVI.

The captain  
hath a strange  
adventure.

But now let us follow the captain's fate—  
'Tis a narrative strange to hear—  
For as soon as he entered the snake's inside,  
He heard a tremendous cheer.

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XVII.

He findeth the  
serpent's  
stomach made  
into a room

Then he found himself in a lighted room,  
In which was a motley throng ;  
While a gentleman there, with a pot of beer,  
Was singing a comic song.

XVIII.

He seeth many  
celebrities.

And there he beheld the Babes in the Wood,  
And Rip Van Winkle too,  
And, strange to declare, he saw in the chair  
The form of the Wand'ring Jew ;

XIX.

The rest of the  
assembled com-  
pany.

And a hundred others, supposed to be drowned  
(A picture by no means solemn),  
Whose friends had put notices in the "Times,"  
At the top of the second column.

XX.

They regale  
themselves  
with supper.

And there were the mate and the boy as well,  
So they sat them down to sup ;  
And the "Wanderer" told them how, long ago,  
The serpent had swallowed him up.

XXI.

They pass a  
happy life down  
below.

Then the mate "stood the company glasses round,"  
And none of them took it ill ;  
So they all lived happily ever since,  
And perhaps they are down there still.

XXII.

The Author  
explaineth him-  
self.

"But who was it told you about all this ?"  
Some curious readers cry ;  
I dare say you haven't the least idea,  
Then I'm sure you're as wise as I.

## Good Old Times.

WE have all heard of the good old times: we do not know when they were, or what they were, but we are told that they were something very different from anything that we personally have experienced.

The mention of them is so frequent that after a while their antiquity becomes more evident than their excellence: we come to loathe the mouldy fragments thus cast in our teeth, and, beginning to fancy that the times now belauded as good and old must once have been bad and new, and may at that date have been disadvantageously contrasted with some past excellence, we come to doubt in the very existence of good old times, as a certain historical personage did in the existence of Mrs. 'Arris.

When were these good old times? Where is the contemporary record of them? When was the glorious present? Poets rave about an excellent past and a glorious future, but the present is, to them, always disgusting: in fact, happiness with them is like jam with the "white queen"—it comes yesterday or to-morrow, but never to-day.

We will leave the future alone, and confine our attention to the past. In the earliest records of the human race we soon come upon a fratricide: such times seem rather "old" than "good." In the early days of the Christian Church, when we might expect absolute serenity and virtue, we read of querulous widows and hypocritical philanthropists.

Whence, then, arises this idea of departed excellence? It is just possible that it is a bit of grumble. Discontented with the present, men throw a halo over the



past: human nature loves a grievance, and having found one, hugs it.

Of a piece with this, as it seems to some, is the hackneyed regret for childhood: what humanity generally does for its own past, that each individual does for his: that is to say, extols it at the expense of the present. The past being hopelessly gone, what can be a simpler and safer grumble than to profess regret for it? The broken toys and scalding tears of childhood are carefully forgotten, while the present uneasiness is exaggerated. If we would but be honest with ourselves, we should find that the past was not so nice and the present not so nasty as we profess it to be.

It has been hinted that poets are mainly responsible for these fictions: to quote passages depicting the delights of a sensual and otiose past would be an endless task. Instances will occur to all. One poet, however, stands out as a noble exception. Homer makes a hero profess his belief that his generation is better than the one preceding, and in another passage represents childhood as not being altogether blissful, by introducing a simile of a child running by the side of its weary mother and ceaselessly wailing until it is picked up and carried. Homer spoke from experience, not from a frenzied imagination.

Aristophanes professes to regret the "good old times" of Marathon, but hard measure need not be meted out to him, for there is a natural affinity between comedy and conservatism—an affinity, by the way, lost sight of by *Punch* in recent days, somewhat to the detriment of that publication. Remembering this affinity, the writer was astonished to hear an advanced Radical talk of the good old times in language often used by a rigid Con-

servative. The wonder ceased with the thought that extremes meet. In answer to inquiry, both agreed in placing the Golden Age fifty years ago. This coincidence seemed to imply reality, until it was remembered that this was the period of their youth, and also that the time was too recent to admit as yet of impartial or authentic history.

If we turn to history, not merely strings of dates and lists of battles, but such as is recorded by novelists, we shall find it hard to fix the date of the "good times." Thackeray is supposed to give a fair picture of the period whereof he treats, and certainly in the Georgian era, which he describes, there is nothing so very lovely that we need desire or regret it. And turning to another great writer—Charles Dickens—his recently published letters show plainly how his righteous soul was vexed by the sentimental regrets for an imaginary past.

Thus neither in the earliest records of humanity nor in those of Christianity, nor, again, in those times just distant enough to be called "old," do we find a monopoly of what is "good." If it were a mere matter of sentiment, it would not be worth while to attack this "poetic licence"; but, as a fact, this view of the past implies and fosters a discontent with, and ingratitude for the present, and this leads humanity as a body, and each man as an individual, to be contented with a low standard of morality. If the natural tendency of human nature in general, and of each human creature in particular, is downwards (as the phrase "good old times" implies) rather than upwards, neither a nation nor a man will make a real effort to rise. The words act like a prophecy that fulfils itself.

## The Lost Leader.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—  
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.  
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,  
 So much was theirs who so little allowed ;  
 How all our copper had gone for his service,  
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud !  
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,  
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !  
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was of us,  
 Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their  
 graves !

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,  
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering—not through his presence ;  
 Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre ;  
 Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,  
 Still bidding crouch, whom the rest bade aspire :  
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,  
 One more devils' triumph and sorrow for angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !  
 Life's night begins ; let him never come back to us !  
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,  
 Never glad confident morning again !  
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,  
 Menace our heart ere we master his own ;  
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,  
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne !

ROBERT BROWNING.

*Idem Latiné.*

Scilicet argenti cupiens leve pondus abibat,  
Stricturus chlamydem candidam nota :  
Quod nobis unum fortuna negavit, adeptus,  
Cetera dimisit, quæ sinit illa dari.  
Aurum qui poterant, argenti frustra secabant,  
Queis tot abundabant, tam breve munus, opes ;  
Quantum erat, æs illi nostrum vovisse ? Fuisset  
Purpura pro pannis, corde superbus erat.  
Ille amor et specimen nobis et gratia vitæ ;  
Regius in suavi lumine fulsit honor :  
Grandia verba sequi, claram captâsse loquelam,  
Respicere exemplum, vivere eratque mori.  
Noster, Homere, manes : nobiscum Alcæus : et una  
Pindarus et Sophocles : testor utrumque caput :  
Principis ille unus partes declinat ; et hosti  
Libera terga dedit, servitiumque tulit.

Nosque triumphantes, duce non tamen ibimus illo ;  
Carmina nos tangent, isti aliena lyræ :  
Resque novæ fient, illo jactante quietem ;  
Spes alii lætas, consulet ille metum.  
Nominis umbra esto ; periisse notabimus unum,  
Quale opus intactum, qualis omissa via est :  
Viderit exultans Macedo, defleverit Hellas :  
Res inhonesta homini, deque precanda deo.  
Nigrescunt tenebræ : ne sit revocabilis unquam !  
Luctus erit, languor, pectore pulsa fides.  
Laus nobis invita, incertaque lucis imago ;  
Nulla renascentem stella datura diem !  
Militet—e nobis didicit præeuntibus—audax ;  
Hos feriat, necdum saucius ipse, sinus :  
Sitque nova immuni sapientia ; nosque receptus  
Ductor Apollinei manserit ecce chori !

## The Puritans.

IN asking grace from my readers for these few words, I feel I shall not be in the same position as an ancient Roman some of us have heard of : Albinus appealed to his readers to pardon the imperfections of the Roman history, which he had written in indifferent Greek, and was met by Cato with the rejoinder : " No one compelled you to write at all ; if the Amphictyonic Council had bidden you write, the case would have been different. It was out of place to ask indulgence for a self-imposed task." The editor, the cruel editor, is the Amphictyon who has laid his commands on me, and made me

" Though it were in slight  
Of Nature and my stars, to write."

And, therefore, again I ask for grace. Butler, from whom I have just quoted, has given us an admirable sketch of the Puritans and their times ; but it is not always safe to trust to a satire such as " Hudibras " is, and therefore we must needs turn to history to find the truth ; nor yet is it safe to trust a historian too near the times in question, for it is probable that, consciously or unconsciously, he is carried away by party spirit.

Now, without going into the rise and growth of Puritanism, I think it would be more profitable to discover the influence the Puritans have had on the subsequent history of England. Whether this influence was good or bad, profitable or unprofitable, is

a doubtful question, and we cannot feel justified in following blindly the opinion of modern writers of history, and in assuming, on Mr. Green's high authority, that the name of the Puritans ought to be respected by every Englishman.

Lord Bolingbroke thought otherwise; let us hear him on the Puritan government at home: "To terminate the disputes by the sword was to fight, not for preserving the Constitution, but for the manner of destroying it. The Constitution might have been destroyed under pretence of prerogative; it was destroyed under pretence of liberty. We might have fallen under absolute monarchy. We did fall into absolute anarchy."

And as for Cromwell's personal government, necessary as the hand of a single ruler had become, Butler will tell us how it was endured:—

" So I have seen, with armed heel,  
A wight bestride the common weal,  
While still more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd."

And further, we know Cromwell's own dread of assassination, and the readiness with which his son Richard retired from the helm of the State in such a stormy time.

"All very well," some one might say; but in the end their government was good for us; they upset a constitution whose destruction was necessary for our liberty. Let us look further in our history; we shall find the lawlessness of the reign of the second Charles and the tyranny under his brother—a tyranny worse than that of his father—and its subsequent downfall, and that, too, without much bloodshed, or at least

without a great convulsion, as that caused by the Puritans ; and then let us ask whether it was necessary for England's safety to have passed through such a fiery trial.

And other tyrannies (I take the strong expression used by Mr. Green) worse than Charles', have been put down without such a result as that of Puritanism. And the boldness of the House of Commons, that began to show itself in Charles I. reign, would have been productive of good results under his successor, as under rather different circumstances after George III. But as it was, Cromwell terrorized the House and prevented all free debate, and the consequence was the carelessness and submissiveness of Royalist government under Charles II.

Secondly, let us turn to the foreign politics of the Puritans, glorious, no doubt, for the name of Blake will ever be dear to Englishmen ; but wise — Let us again consult our eminent authority. He says, Charles I. saw the balance of power turning in favour of France, and threatened to join Spain. "Cromwell," he continues, "either did not discern this turn of the balance, long afterwards, when it was much more visible ; or discerning it, he was induced by reasons of private interest to act against the general interest of Europe." And the result was, as Matthew Arnold tersely puts it, "England had to bear the infliction of the Grand Monarque and of all he brought with him."

Let us now turn to their influence on religious matters, an influence, I believe, more baneful than their influence in politics, home or foreign, and an influence from which England has scarcely yet recovered. The question is whether the Cavaliers would

have caused worse anarchy in religion than the Round-heads? Now, it is probable that men of noble hearts but reckless of religion are more likely to become sober-minded than men whose piety depended on "the sound or twang of nose," those "caterwauling brethren" of whom Butler asks :

" Have they told Providence what it must do ?  
Whom to avoid and whom to trust to ? "

Chillingworth, who lived in those days, calls the King's party "Publicans and Sinners," and those

" From whom the Institution came  
When Church and State they set on flames, "

he calls "Scribes and Pharisees." Now "Publicans and Sinners" are more likely to be reformed than "Scribes and Pharisees," as has been proved ere now.

Look now at the result of that perversion of all true religious feeling. Scotland has not yet recovered, and still is beneath the scourge of Puritanism. Its influence in England cannot be described in better words than the following of an eminent living writer : "So grossly imperfect, so false was the Puritan conception and representation of righteousness, so at war with the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humour of the English people, that it led straight to moral anarchy, the profligacy of the Restoration. . . . It led amongst the middle classes, where religion still lived on, to a narrowness, an intellectual poverty almost incredible. They entered the prison of Puritanism and had the key turned upon their spirit there for 200 years." Yes, 200 years and more ; for it led from the "moral anarchy" of Charles' reign directly on to the days when churches were shut and the pastor of the



flock was to be found in the hunting-field, until Wesley put the clergy to shame and once more breathed life into English religion. And even then the service restored was not much better than that of the time when the "caterwauling brethren" held forth for four hours together, and I have heard men still living say how they detested the service of their younger days. Yet even now there are some who are still in the "prison of Puritanism," who, I grant, are free from Puritan hypocrisy, but not free from Puritan folly, and would fain abolish from our churches all sounds but the twang of the nose and the voice of the preacher, that soothes and charms as the drug given to the dragon of the Golden Fleece; and all decorations but those of their own dresses. "But the mass of Englishmen have gained," you say, "by Puritanism, and their religion purified seven times in the fire, the gold has brooked the fiery test and now has shown its splendour."

Was it Puritanism that wrought all this? I cannot but answer in the words of my former authority: "When one considers the strength," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "the instincts of resistance and independence in the English nature, it is surely hazardous to affirm that only by the particular means of the Puritan struggle and the Puritan triumph could we have become free in our persons and in our property. When we consider the character shown, the signal given, in the thinking of Thomas More and Shakespeare, of Bacon and Harvey, how shall we say that only at the price of Puritanism could England have had free thought?" Therefore, I think that England, if indebted to the Puritans at all, is not indebted to such a degree as many are apt to imagine; probably

England would have been more indebted to them if more of them, and especially their leaders, had joined their countrymen in New England. They stayed at home, and amongst them stayed the future "Protector"; and in their whole system they may be described as the "skilful leech" in "Hudibras," that

"Would make three to cure one flaw."



### *Our New Bishop.*

"Da, puer, auguris Murenæ."—HORACE, *Carm.* iii. 19.

You tell how Alfred lived; how Richard died;  
Who wrote the pretty ballads Blondel carolled;  
And how our last historian has tried  
To stain the character of Saxon Harold.

Now perhaps you'll say who keeps the finest stock  
Of wines, and sells them at the lowest prices;  
And if you fancy still or sparkling hock,  
And where you've put the corkscrew and the spices.

Boys, toast the crescent moon; to-morrow's dawn—  
For day will break before we dream of going—  
Baptize the Vicar's new-gained sleeves of lawn,  
And take this recipe; it's one worth knowing.

A cup for every Muse! Who loves the Nine  
And has a due contempt for sober faces?  
Or if you're shy of quarrel, draw the line  
At those improper females called the Graces.

We'll craze the neighbourhood for furlongs round ;  
And mind me, Jones, I'll heave this weighty Ganot  
Unless you pick your cornet off the ground,  
And stop young Blake from shutting up the piano.

Try those Partagas ; there are plenty more :—

A grudging spirit is beneath all pity.  
Come, make it lively for that brute next door ;  
Yes ! isn't it a shame his wife's so pretty ?

I link this bumper, Grenville, to a name

That stains your cheeks in very sunset fashion.  
And I ? Good luck ! I too must drown the flame  
That burns and burns my breast with smouldering  
passion.

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### *The Examination.*

Half-a-yard, half-a-yard,  
Half-a-yard sundered,  
All round the court-room ranged,  
Wrote the boys onward ;  
There were the questions set,  
Still from the printer's wet,  
None of them answer'd yet,  
Fully two hundred.

Now 'twas in haste begun,  
And every mother's son  
Now over question one  
Painfully pondered !  
" Write ! " was the master's cry :  
Theirs to find  $x$  and  $y$ ,  
Theirs but to do (or try)  
All the two hundred.

One clever youth was there,  
Who, with a joyful air,  
Stumped the whole paper, while  
    All the rest wondered ;  
And with his flying quill  
Faster and faster still  
Quire after quire did fill  
    With the two hundred.

Others to right of him,  
Others to left of him,  
Others in front of him,  
    Hopelessly blundered,  
Seeking forms half forgot,  
Full of *sec.*, *tan.*, and *cot.*,  
Needful for every jot  
    Of the two hundred.

Weary grew every brain,  
Rack'd every head with pain ;  
Yet with their might and main  
    Still wrote they onward :  
Past prep. and washing-bell,  
Quickly they wrote, and (well,  
*How* all their work was done, really I cannot tell)  
    *Tried* the two hundred.

Inky their fingers were,  
Tumbled and rough their hair ;  
Paler each visage there  
    Grew as they pondered :  
Bundles of common " pot,"  
Covered with stain and blot ;  
Then they gave up ; but not  
    Not the two hundred !

[The writer, in his dislike of Mathematics, seems to exaggerate their horrors.  
We ourselves have never seen a paper containing two hundred questions.—Ed.]

## Biography of M. Tullius Cicero, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

ON the morning of the 3rd of January, B.C. 106, the house of Mr. Tullius, a gentleman who had retired from the cares of stockbroking at Rome to the genteel quietude of Arpinum, was thrown into disorder by the sudden announcement on the part of the family physician, that the dutiful Mrs. Tullius had placed in the arms of her affectionate husband a remarkably fine boy. But no sooner had the gratified father received the precious burden than he—Tullius, senior—uttered a cry of joy and surprise; for on the tip of the baby's big toe he espied a prodigious strawberry-mark!

"My dear," he cried to his wife, "I have had presentiments for a long time past that some mighty event was about to happen. Twice yesterday, in the course of twelve hours, did my pipe go out; on the day before I distinctly remember feeling three separate twinges of the gout; on the day before that, as I was riding on the Arpinum omnibus, four pieces of dust got into my left eye at the same time. Now I understand the meaning of these portents. The infant that I hold in my arms is destined to greatness: he will make the name of Tullius resound from China to Peru. Yes, madame, he will bring marked distinction on our whole race."

"Let us, then, call him Marcus," said the delighted matron.

"It shall be done," answered Tullius, senior, sternly.

And it was. The babe was at once conveyed to the washing-stand, which was generally used as a font in those unenlightened days, and dubbed Marcus Tullius Cicero (the last word being the Latin equivalent of "*strawberry-mark*").

The juvenile prodigy was at an early age taken by his worthy father to Dr. Flagellator's select academy for young gentlemen at Rome, where he became at once distinguished by his love for the classics and raspberry-jam. His adoration of the latter commodity, indeed, frequently led him into trouble and the Doctor's study. When he left school and had assumed the manly toga, he hired a small room at the top of a small house in the city, thinking that by living in a garret he must necessarily become acquainted with Attic. To this humble abode he invited the philosopher Diodotus—Cicero providing the lodging, Diodotus the logic. The old Stoic, it may be as well to mention, was rather addicted to bad habits and low company, and while Cicero was working hard at the bar, he would often be engaged at quite a different kind of bar, partaking of the homely steak, or swilling quart after quart of Bassius's best ale; in fact, when he reeled home after his repast, it was difficult to determine whether the philosopher savoured more of the Sage or of the onions. But though, under the burning influence of Old Tom, the venerable sinner was fast drifting into the fiery regions of Old Harry, he made himself useful by compiling for his young friend Cicero a nice little oration, which, like Helen in days of yore, was decidedly taken from the Greek. This highly original composition Cicero was called upon by the senators

to deliver in the forum. Although it is fair to those worthy citizens to add, that had they known the treat that was in store for them, they would have tied any amount of millstones round their necks, and drowned themselves in their water-butts, rather than have attended at the senate-house on that fatal day. For ten mortal hours did the orator hold forth, convincing his hearers that black was white, until Morpheus descended and received each of the councillors into his bosom, and not a sound was to be heard in the hall save the sonorous voice of the speaker and the snorous voices of the audience. One by one had the latter succumbed to the power of the god after a desperate resistance. There was one individual, indeed, who had steadily repelled the tempter's approaches for eight hours; but, when he heard the orator come to the 527th head, he uttered a feeble groan, sank to the ground, was at once carried out, and never rose from his bed again. On the following morning, however, the "*Acta Diurna*," the "*Daily Telegraph*" of the period, congratulated "our talented young townsman, Mr. Cicero," on his enormous success; and, as the opinions of the "*A.D.*" were listened to with much deference, our hero at once became a popular orator. This was the state of affairs, when an event occurred, which, by a strange chance o' law, placed Cicero upon the woolsack.

Of all the desperadoes and ruffians that Rome ever produced, none could surpass in villainy L. Sergius Catilina. This worthy made it his chief object in life to discover the most enjoyable way of killing time and his relatives. He was thoroughly conversant with all the arts of refined cruelty, was a man of the most

shameless audacity, and his sullen constitution seemed to have received the impress of that Sullan Constitution which was predominant at Rome in his youth. Catiline had for a long time allied himself to a party of ruined spendthrifts, who were ripe for any evil design, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, with a decided preference for the latter. To these men Catiline proposed a conspiracy for blowing up the senate-house. This motion had been universally carried, when an acute member hinted, as an objection, that gunpowder had not been invented. The conspirators, thinking there was something in this, at length decided upon putting the senate to death with the sword. But a certain policeman, named Curius, was in love with a certain pretty housemaid, named Fulvia: and the pretty housemaid, being by nature what her lover was by name, soon wormed from him the secret of the plot to which he was privy. Thereupon the Roman Delilah at once proceeded to the house of Cicero, and let that interesting animal—not Cicero, but—the cat, out of the bag. A council was summoned, at which the arch-traitor had the effrontery to present himself. Whereupon Cicero rose, and delivered the following powerful oration, which we quote in the Latin, as no translation can convey to the reader half its force and passion:—“*Insuetus, ut sum, ad publicum loquentem permitte me observare ut dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori* (hear, hear). *Nunquam ego sensi tam gravem sensum responsibilitatis ut in præsentî tempore, quod, ut dicit poeta, est felicissimum momentum meæ vitæ* (cheers). *Hic tamen vir, O Patres Conscripti, ægrotat animo magis quam corpore, et pater et mater morientes dixerunt* (oh, oh). *Venio ut videam et veni*



ut viderem, sed sal sol rēn et splen glys pes dens as simul et gryps, si rite audita recordor (yes, yes), et verbum personale cum nominativo concordat (question). Tu vero, vir nullā fide, particeps consilii, alieni appetens, prætereo te insalutatum : animum rege : ite domum (laughter)."

At this juncture, a member rose with a grave face, and solemnly observed, "Hic, hic." "Hæc, hoc," at once replied the orator, with his accustomed wit and repartee. But during the diversion caused by this brilliant sally, the traitor Catiline, thinking that, as he had now lost his credit, he might as well also cut his (s)tick, suddenly remembered that he had an important engagement to keep, and fled abruptly. But Cicero, with his usual energy, at once called out the Parliamentary-trainbands (so called from the slowness of their locomotion), and having hired a fiery, untamed steed from the nearest livery stables, proceeded against the foe. A tremendous battle ensued at Pistoria, in which more than three quarters of Catiline's forces (no quarter being given by the Government troops) fell upon the field, or rather upon one another. Catiline being, like his army, very much cut up, attempted to stab himself to the heart; but his heart was so hardened by vice that the blade was quite unable to pierce it; whereupon Catiline placed the weapon in a comfortable position, fell upon the sword and at the same time upon the sward, and expired gracefully, to an accompaniment of "Pop goes the Weasel," played pathetically on the penny whistle by the fifer of the regiment. When Cicero returned to Rome he was invested with the civic crown, which was composed of blades of grass,

to commemorate the delivery of the Romans from the blades of the enemy.

We are fast nearing the end of the biography. Cicero by evil chance had happened to pepper the great Marc Antony with a large dose of Attic salt in one of his Philippics; and Antony, not being a gentleman of a forgiving disposition, determined that Cicero's sauce should effectually cook that individual's goose, and lowered himself by highering, I mean hiring, a body of professed assassins, to put his enemy in the way of displaying his oratorical powers before Pluto, monarch of the Infernals. Cicero was at the time in unconscious bliss at his villa at Tusculum, where he was wont to travel about in a bath-chair or litter, as became a literary man. Hither the murderers proceeded, and laid their plans for the deed; but on the morning on which it was to be executed, Cicero received the following mysterious missive, "*Abracadabra rustifum et hi cockalorum presto.*" Seeing at once with his ready wit that his life was in danger, Cicero bethought himself of a hollow oak that was in the neighbourhood. Thither he fled and attempted to conceal himself; but it is a singular fact that with all his prudence he quite forgot to hide his legs, which projected at some distance from the trunk, as he sat crouching at the bottom of the tree. Very soon the villains arrived with the usual melodramatic gestures and strides, but as they advanced two by two the first pair stumbled over the orator's legs and fell to the ground. The others, as a matter of course, fell on the top of them, which so confused the leaders that when they recovered their equilibrium they quite forgot to look for the cause of their disaster. "*Aha!*" said the

captain, "Aha! by Evins, he 'as eluded us." And Cicero would probably have escaped, but for the presence of a small boy who was watching the scene with interest, and who, catching sight of Cicero's crural appendages, said, "Habebo tuos vitulos," which has been neatly translated "I'll 'ave your calves." This rude remark at once drew their attention to the oak and to the hoax, and Cicero was ignominiously dragged forth. But his presence of mind had by no means forsaken him; he had heard that music had charms to soothe the savage beast; so he began to chant in lugubrious tones the plaintive melody of "Rome, sweet Rome." But the savage beasts refused to be soothed, and were on the point of putting a hasty stop to Cicero's performance on his vocal organ, when the orator thought of a last desperate resource. He drew from his pocket a thumbed copy of the "De Senectute," and proceeded to cast his pearls before the swine by reading it to them. They heard him patiently for the first two lines, with an occasional groan; but when he began the third they could endure no more; they rushed at him, dragged him on his knees, and improvising a block of the knees of one of their number, proceeded to execute him on the spot. Another of the assassins produced an axe, which at a signal descended on the victim's pate; but the victim pushed his head aside, and the steel made a fearful incision in the knees of the gentleman who served as block, causing that worthy to bring into full force a choice vocabulary of words and epithets, of which he seemed completely master. The misadventure seemed to have revived the Ciceronian spirits, for our hero became quite playful. He requested one of the

assassins to look out the next train for Hades, and said that he should like some provisions before starting on his journey, and would be obliged if they would bring him a steak or a—Chop went the axe at this moment; off went the Ciceronian head; down fell the body on the sand. But a fearful prodigy occurred; for as the murderers gazed on their bloody work, they distinctly saw the head turn round, open its mouth, and exclaim in measured tones, "I say, that was too bad, you know. You might have given me time to put on a clean collar."

*Prologue.* 1880.

We tell, kind critics, nothing more expect,  
A thrice-told tale, our annual retrospect.  
'Tis only strangers whom the Prologue teaches  
What's told to us by venerable speeches.  
We've made, you learn the past year's history;  
We are the actors, you the auditory.  
Be tender, then, to those who will declaim  
Our merits, and our Founder's deathless fame.  
Forgive them if on glories that still live  
They dwell to day—(we are Conservative);  
If time-worn sentiments with liberal hand  
They scatter—sentiments they think will stand,  
Blossoms that on their eloquence grow thick,  
Immortal flowers of Grecian rhetoric.  
We warn you that you'll hear in many a strain  
(Not three times only but yet once again)  
Our Royal Founder's virtues vaunted high,  
Cheered to the echo, lauded to the sky.

You'll hear the orators with well-timed tears  
Part from the joys and sorrows of past years,  
And when on childhood's scene the curtain falls,  
Farewell to their old love—these antique walls.  
You, who our efforts with kind welcome greet,  
Will find our talk no torture, quite a treat.  
May our French accent and our Gallic grace  
Bring a soft smile on every lady's face,  
Charm with its ring Parisian London's ear,  
Draw from your lordship's lips a gracious cheer.  
And may the sterner classic feel at home  
'Mid th' imperial accents of majestic Rome,  
'Mid rolling periods of romantic Greece  
Delivered by our young Demosthenes.  
But now the Prologue to its end has run,  
My task is over, and my mandate done.  
Forewarned, forearmed, be ready for the worst,  
But own at last that speeches of all pleasures are  
the first.



### *Athletic Sports, B.C. 1000, or Thereabouts.*

“MR. ACESTES, Manager of the Theatre Royal, Eryx, begs respectfully to inform his numerous patrons that he has at length succeeded in engaging at enormous expense the services of the celebrated Trojan Athletes, who have been for some time performing in the provinces, owing to the recent distressing event in connexion with the siege of Troy, and begs to state

that they will give their unique entertainment for the first and last time in Sicily, on Saturday, May 13th. The Committee of Management will include the names of the following gentlemen :—

Reverendus Tintinnabulum.	Reverendus Brettius.
Misterius Rex.	Misterius Penna-ager.
Misterius Meridies.	ὁ Φηλδίας,
Misterius Tergum.	καὶ ὁ Μακλᾶνος, } "Ελληνες.
Reverendus Figulus, <i>Chairman.</i>	
Misterius Crucellus, <i>Hon. Sec.</i>	

Pius Æneas has kindly consented to distribute the prizes. The same gentleman has, with the most unbounded liberality, offered for competition a pair of second-hand Sydenham trousers, ornamented with a purple melibæa and double mæander (whatever that may mean) ; two fine calico pocket-handkerchiefs, bearing a graphic portrait of Master Ganymede, a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft ; and a handsome one-bladed pocket-knife, with which Mr. Demoleus, the Trojan hero, made a wholesale massacre of his foes, beside the rapid Simois, beneath the walls of stately Troy. The competitors will be divided into twenty-four classes : the first including all above a hundred years of age, the last all under two. The competition in the twenty-fourth class is expected to be highly exciting. In addition to the Athletic Exhibition, there will be a grand display of prowess and daring. Signor Palinurus, having completely recovered from his recent severe accident, will ride three times round the arena on a tame donkey. Master Ascanius (the infant wonder) will perform several novel and exciting tricks with a battledore and shuttlecock. Mr. Nestor (clown), who

is now approaching the venerable age of eight hundred and sixty, will oblige at intervals with his celebrated comic song 'Hot Codlins.' With a programme so attractive as this, the Manager feels confident that the Sicilian public will support him in numbers, and considers himself justified in giving notice that the price of admission to the gardens will, on this occasion be One Libra, and that dogs and children in arms can on no pretence be admitted."

So great was the excitement caused by this placard among the inhabitants of the small but fashionable watering-place of Eryx, that on the appointed day a very gay and numerous assemblage was gathered together on the shore. The scene presented all the features of interest that are always to be found on the race-course. On one side the visitor might see persons aiming short sticks at an immense pole stuck in the ground, with the Gorgon's head, smoking a short clay pipe, on the top of it. At the base was a board bearing the neat hexameter :

"Quis jacet ad vetulam Sallinam tela novercam?"

that is, as Conington translates, "Who'll have a shy at his old Aunt Sally?" A little to the right of this was erected a stage for the performance of a negro troupe, styling themselves the only original and veritably legitimate Christy Minstrels, who begged to give notice to the public that omnibuses from every quarter of the globe ran up to their door, and that they never on any occasion performed out of Sicily. (N.B. No charge for booking or programmes.) In another part of the ground might be seen the circus of Messrs. Smith and Jones (from Italy), which was

doing exceedingly good business, the management having secured, at enormous outlay, the services of Mr. Hercules, the giant, who was so strong that he listened to three hundred lines of Virgil without flinching more than ten times; of General Thomas Thumbius, who was so small that he had to climb up a ladder to brush his own hair; of Signor Ixion (from the Theatre Royal, Infernal Regions, by kind permission of the Manager, Mephistopheles Pluto, Esq.), who would go through his celebrated endless performances on the roundabout, clearly demonstrating that his life was rather a compound of wheel than of woe; and lastly, of the world-famed Mademoiselle Medea, the celebrated conjureess, who could perform the unheard-of feat of cutting her father into innumerable pieces, and of putting him together again if she could. (N.B. Smelling-bottles provided by the Management for ladies who feel inclined to faint during the execution of this trick, which has been frequently known to fail.) The rest of the ground was covered with card-sharpers, gypsies, thimble-riggers, negro minstrels, punch-and-judy shows, Richardson's shows, travelling caravans, everything in fact that could make the Sicilian snob, who was "a-going with his gal to the races," think that he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

While the fun of the fair was at its height all eyes were suddenly turned on a handsome drag, which had just taken up its position near the Grand Stand. The occupants, four in number, were busily engaged in discussing the contents of an immense hamper from Fortnum and Mason's, and quaffing bottle after bottle of Widow Clicquot's best one-and-sixpenny Falernian. The most conspicuous member of the party was a



tremendous swell with long whiskers, who was smoking a huge cheroot, and seemed troubled by his vain endeavours to retain his eye-glass in its proper position. His hat, round which were stuck a number of small wooden dolls, was further ornamented by a long band of green muslin, which floated merrily in the wind. The eyes of the whole assembly were fastened on him; for this individual was the lion of the day. This was the gentleman who was to give away the prizes; this was the dutiful son who had brought the old Anchises and the family warming-pan safe out of the flames of Troy; this was the lover for whose sake a Carthaginian lady made a bonfire of herself and died-o; this was the hero who had led his comrades through fire and flood, instilling into their minds the maxim—

“Though great Troy be burnt indeed,  
Troy, troy, troy again.”

This was, in short, Pius Æneas! At the present moment, when he was the observed of all observers, he seemed to be suffering from severe internal spasms, which none but the most malicious could lay to the charge of the eighteen-penny Falernian. A cry at once rose from thousands of throats, calling on him to address the meeting; in obedience to which entreaty he rose unsteadily to his feet with a sickly smile, and thus began:—“Genelum an ladies, you’ll scuse me ficall you mifrensh; can sure you postivly I ain’t in the leashintoshicated; haven’t tushed dropowine today, ’pon honour. That confounded boysh forgotten the corkshcrew, an how can feller drink wine without corkshcrew?—thas waw I walt know. Should like take this optunity of tellin mifren Misser Virgil he’s a liar. Beggar sezime pious; I ain’t pious, an doe wantobe.

He sez I trifled wi Dido's feelingsh ; can sure you, genelum, I only saw the gal onesh imylife, an had nothinatall to do wi her makin a confounded idiot of herself. I doe walt ilsult Misservirgil, then wy does he walt ilsul me? genelum, I stan here ; I say I stan here"—but the speaker stood there no longer, for at this juncture his feelings overcame him, and he glided composedly to the bottom of the carriage, as sinks the day-star to its ocean bed. But attention was suddenly diverted from the prostrate hero by the monotonous voice of the crier, who was announcing that the proceedings of the afternoon would at once commence with a boat-race, for which there were four entries—Messrs. Mnestheus, Gyas, Sergestus, and Cloanthus, and three prizes. The last-named gentleman had decidedly the "call" in the betting, as much as 99,000,000 to '002 being freely laid on him. The other three were not in good odour with the bookmakers, 20 to 1 being offered against their being in the first four. The event, however, was not destined to remain long in doubt, as at this moment the word "go" left the starter's lips, and the competing boats shot simultaneous from their moorings.

[*Note by Author.*—Look here, Mr. Editor, I'm not going to stand it any more. My nervous system has just undergone a severe shock, which has completely prostrated me. I had no sooner traced the above veracious narrative down to the exciting point at which it abruptly stops, when the door of my room was burst open in the most mysterious manner, the gas was blown out, and a chilly grasp fastened itself on my wrist, and drew me horror-struck from my seat. Through the lavatory window, through clouds

and stars and moon, I was led by the phantom hand, till I reached the mouth of a dark cavern in some remote quarter of the sky. Carried into the interior, I found myself in the presence of a number of ghastly figures, robed from head to foot in black, and I was at once placed in a square box, which was called by courtesy the dock. A clerk then rose, amid awful silence, and proclaimed that the prisoner at the bar was charged with having deliberately and with malice prepense murdered the following persons: Messrs. Romulus and Remus, late of Italy, bird-catchers and kings; Horatius, *alias* Coccles, toll-collector; M. T. Cicero, Esq., a gentleman well known in literary circles; and P. Æneas, Esq., whose many acts of benevolence and piety had greatly endeared him to the poor and the tract-publishers. To make a long story short, in spite of a most able and eloquent defence on my part, in spite of my embroiling myself with the judge, jury, and counsel, of my repeatedly declaring that I was not doing myself justice, of my utterly declining to swear to photographs, and of my expressing it as my firm opinion that Æneas was a Greek, I was condemned to be hanged by the neck until I was dead. No sooner was this sentence pronounced than the whole court rose with one accord, remonstrating with the judge for his absurd lenity; whereupon that variable individual declared, with infinite gusto, that "the prisoner at the bar should be compelled to read one of his own Classical Tales from beginning to end." "Mercy, mercy," I shrieked, falling on my knees. At the same time a mist came over my eyes: I lost consciousness; and remember nothing until I found myself sitting in my chair, still

grasping in a hand of ice a paper with the strange device "Offend no more." The warning was enough, and I determined that the tale of the Trojan sports should remain a fragment, till some adventurous spirit, bolder than I, should be found to brave the anger of the inhabitants of the Classical Dictionary, and conclude the thrilling narrative. Fare-thee-well.]



### **Some Recollections of an ex-Probationer.**

I was a Probationer in those happy days when to pester and be petted by the authorities was the whole duty of the order. We had a very great number of buttons on our coats, and a room and lavatory of our own; the last priceless possession being, I think, the chief thing that made us, spoiled darlings as we were, so wilful, headstrong, and troublesome. The Kitchen only knows what a trouble it was to feed us. We turned away with dainty superciliousness from pork, veal, cold mutton, and various other articles looked upon until then as human, and even Probationary food; and when the complacent authorities sent us up day after day the only meat we deigned to touch, we complained that our dinners lacked variety. Small wonder was it that after this the Steward used strong (though proper) language. He defied us in Hall at our own table, and said bitterly that the Probationers were becoming "fastidious and litigious," using the latter word, I presume, in some abstrusely metaphorical sense, for even now I do not see its precise

application to the case in question. But in those days no word in the vocabulary seemed too long or too far-fetched to be applied to a Probationer.

Now I hear all has changed. The Probationers are a miserable wandering race, houseless, lavatory-less, with few if any coat-buttons, and only restrained from committing suicide whole partings at a time by the fact that there is no spot in the whole school where they can lay themselves peacefully down and die. It is for the purpose of cheering them in their misery that I pen these few reminiscences of golden days, for it is a well-known fact that nothing affords greater consolation to the unhappy than to be reminded of the happiness of others.

The lavatory certainly *was* a delightful lounge. One hot afternoon Smike, Dombey, and myself, after a languid performance in the gymnasium, were busily engaged, as our custom was, in trying to cool ourselves by squirting water over each other. In a short time the two combined, and managed to hold a little more than their own against me. "Accoutred as I was"—that is to say, stripped to the waist—"I plunged out," and came bang into the arms of the then Warden, who was passing by. As I was not prepared on the instant to give a satisfactory explanation of my conduct, he entered the lavatory to investigate the dark tragedy himself. Smike and Dombey, anticipating my early return, were in ambush behind the door, the one with a well-soaked sponge, the other with a sponge-bag full of water (an excellent missile at close quarters) and a few lumps of hard gritty soap. Footsteps approached nearer, nearer yet. A wild yell from Smike, a shrill "ha ha!" from Dombey, and sponge, bag, and

soap are flung by eager hands at the entering form of—the Warden! A short silence supervened, indignant on the one side, sheepish on the other, and then, to my unbounded gratification, the mischievous offenders were gated.

On days when the fellows had meals in the wards, we of course had ours in the Room, just as if we were real Grecians (a body, by the way, that we looked down upon with undisguised contempt—until we became Grecians, when we looked down upon the Probationers), and as we could not be expected to make a tea off bread and butter, we set our boys to work toast-making, beguiling the time while they did so by blacking their intelligent faces with the charred ends of hockey-sticks.

One Sunday evening, when we had been so employed, the Warden dropped in with some ridiculous complaint from the Church Beadle, to the effect that certain of our number—in the identification of whom I need not say that he was totally wrong—were in the habit of discharging paper pellets at his august person. The moment the Warden appeared the boys hastily put their heads into the lockers, a course which, after a time, began to excite suspicion. Then one of them was called forth, and advanced with his handkerchief to his face. Discovery came, and the poor tattooed innocent was told to show himself to the Doctor, and explain how it was that Sunday evening found him in such condition. Dr. Jacob was at dinner, when the door was opened and a strange visitor announced. Enter a dusky trembler. “Please, sir, the Warden told me to come and show myself to you.” At first the Doctor was struck dumb, imagining it to be a little practical joke of the Warden: that he had

amused himself by blacking the boy's face, and was now sending him about the school for others to enjoy the jest. However, explanations followed, and the offenders were sternly reprimanded in a voice choked by emotion—and suppressed laughter.

One of Dr. Jacob's great institutions was the Grammar Paper, which he set for the purpose of gating the class—or, which amounted to the same thing, gating that proportion of it which did not obtain a certain number of marks—on the day before every monthly leave. It is a soothing feeling, that of being gated. I do not say that it is meretriciously delightful, or calculated to excite an undue elation of the spirits; but it is certainly soothing. You are relieved of a great deal of responsibility. If you have not enough money to get to Putney, you are no longer under the necessity of cajoling confiding friends. If you have been in doubt whether to spend the day on the river or in visiting friends, the doubt is removed. If you are inclined to be idle, as you probably are, you can neglect your essays and verses for several days beforehand, under the mistaken impression that you will polish them off on the Leave.

These privileges we could depend on fully enjoying once a month at the least, and we celebrated the Grammar Paper Leave in a festal manner. Collecting together all the money we were worth, we despatched some ungated rarity to the emporium in Ivy Lane, whence he returned laden with a tin or so of sugared and fantastically carved biscuits, and with a few bottles of the choicest wines—pure Ginger, pure Orange, and British Sherry. The feast was laid out in our room, and *then*, by Bacchus and by Huntley and Palmer! we

made exceeding merry. We sang all the songs we knew, as well as a good many we did not, and shouted and waved hockey-sticks, and proposed toasts with unmusical honours, and—which was the great sentiment of the day—drank health and prosperity to the Reverend the Institutor of the Grammar Paper, the indirect cause of our innocent mirth.

The fire in our room was a never-failing source of amusement. The worthy lady employed, and possibly paid, to attend to it, neglected her duties as systematically as the rest of her order. Being thus thrown entirely upon our own resources, and being thoughtfully unprovided with a blower, we had to improvise one out of the morning paper; which consequently, to the disappointment of those sanguine persons who actually thought there might have been something worth reading in it, was seized upon by the flames at an early hour of the day. The paper destroyed, nothing remained but the door-mat, which became gradually scorched and burnt till there was literally nothing of it left but the “outside edge.” The irrepressible Warden, discovering it in this state, so far forgot himself as to order us to buy a new one; but I am proud to say that we were resolute in our refusal to pay for such reasonable wear and tear.

It will be seen from this hasty survey of the past that the Probationers were formerly a fierce and haughty race, dwelling, like bandit hordes, in vast and inaccessible lavatories, until at length involved by their lawless life in a struggle with the authorities, which reduced them to their present pitiable condition. This struggle will doubtless remind the youthful student of English History of that between the kings and



barons of olden times. If it does not, I generously bestow on that same youthful student the historical parallel, to be pursued in an elaborate essay of his own, which when finished will, I am sure, be both a credit to himself and an ornament to the waste-paper basket. The Probationer, like the primitive red man, is now fast disappearing before that modern Spirit of Improvement which bids fair in time to improve everything off the face of the earth and leave nothing at the last but the Spirit of Improvement itself.



### **Philosophy.**

Philosophy ! thy stream must flow along all pure ;  
Thou art too noble and too heavenly to endure  
The vulgar passions of the world to flow with thee.  
They would bring troubles on thy calm felicity ;  
They would but darkly soil and mar thy limpid stream,  
And dim with care the liquid lustre of its gleam.



## Memorial Lines.

(THOMAS CARLYLE : DIED FEBRUARY 5TH, 1881.)

O Death, thine arm is heavier than of old,  
 For once an Orpheus, fired with dauntless love,  
 Charming the halls of gloom with notes of gold,  
 Won back thy victim to the world above.  
 But now the highest love, the deepest woe,  
 May never find such favour in thine eyes ;  
 With hateful equity thy cruel blow  
 Crushes to naught the foolish and the wise.

This stroke, not unforeseen, hath fallen at last !  
 But he, the grand old hero, greatest, best,  
 A toilworn veteran, weary of warfare, passed,  
 Covered with age and honour, to his rest.  
 The clarion tones are hushed, that in men's ears  
 Boldly denounced the wrong, upheld the right ;  
 The sad, kind face, furrowed with cares and years,  
 Is veiled from us henceforth in endless night.

A glorious aureole of undying fame  
 Shall crown his memory and proclaim his worth ;  
 And, very surely, God for Heaven shall claim  
 The soul that lived so nobly upon earth.  
 Dear Master, whose thrice-reverenced voice hath long  
 Been to me guide and guardian, staff and stay,  
 Lo, on thy tomb this heart-felt funeral song  
 Sadly I place, and thoughtful steal away.

## Notes on Modern Novelists—George Eliot.

AMONGST the crowd of novelists which this century has produced, there are some few whose writings, stamped with the passport of genius, we may expect to pass into succeeding centuries, and be for ever part of the glory of English literature.

Now it is noticeable that the novel, as the novel, is the production of quite recent times, that the word is a new one, but the spirit that breathes in it is old—old as human life, the beauty, the sorrow, the mystery of it have been the theme of mortal pen. All novel writing is but a form of biography; biography is as old as man, as Homer, and the deep, solemn chronicles of the Pentateuch. Thus in the modern novel future generations will read, as in a mirror, the expression of the spirit of the nineteenth century. It is, then, to the greatest of these novelists that the future historian will direct his gaze; to them that he will look as to the great beacon lights of this century, shining out clear when all else of it has faded into night. Beacon lights they will be that other hands have fashioned, that burn not self-lighted, but the product of slowly accumulated fuel that genius has stricken into fire. Such a light, I dare aver, will be shed for ever from the pages of George Eliot. This author is the one of living novelists whose biographies have the voice of this century, who looks at life through the lens of advancing knowledge, and not with the feeble eye of childhood. I say not that other living novelists are as

nothing, but that compared to this lantern they are will-o'-the-wisps mostly and *ignes fatui*. Stories, say they, we will write, not studies; this is an age of railway trains; we must adapt ourselves, and write railway literature, with a minimum of luggage. True; but is it not, also, a time of knowledge and discovery; a time of fierce life, when sovereignties, moral and intellectual, are being lost and won; when the barriers of prejudice and superstition are falling; when prospects are opening before us as glorious as new worlds; and sit we, then, to hear simpering stories? It is an age, says Mr. Carlyle, that calls beyond all others for wise and intelligible speech; that cries, "Speak, if you have any wisdom, and let us postpone your fiddling till things are a little calmer." It is a time that calls for helping hands in every work; when the wisest and the best are groping for scientific truth; when none are wanted in the front but those of keenest insight and deepest purpose. There has been one other like epoch in our history, when things were most clearly transitional, when amidst influences external and internal, England awoke in a glorious dawn of new thought and action. It was the Elizabethan, and there flashed from it an intellect whose rays vibrate still, and will to eternity.

Life and thought, the noblest study of man, had then something more than mere superficial chroniclers and adroit costumiers; they fell under the most searching analyst the world has yet seen. Turn we now to this our epoch. Poets have we, and whilst we retain the author of "In Memoriam," let us be thankful; but except this last they are mostly engaged with the Greek choruses. Philosophers, too, but philosophy bony and colourless. Scientists, aye! the greatest,

the immortal glory of our century, but the human life of to-day is something more than a scientific fact; it is not at all musical, it is quite apart from Greek tragedy, and it has more colour in it than some people's philosophy. Human life is the study of the true humourist (tedious American buffoonery is not humour), the man that can touch the strings deepest in our nature and fathom the secret of their vibrations. Of these, the greatest in our century is undoubtedly Mr. Carlyle, the next, perhaps Thackeray, though with some difference; and the only one of living novelists, George Eliot. It follows, then, that this writer is the only one of living novelists to whom we can give the first rank. George Eliot is a true pioneer in the study of social life, reflecting it upon her pages with the most perfect truth, and analyzing it with the most transparent clearness. This lady's best novel is, perhaps, all things considered, "*The Mill on the Floss*," and in it the portrait of Maggie Tulliver, in the completeness with which all educating influences and their result are portrayed, might fairly take its place, as the description of a life, beside that of the late J. S. Mill. That the resemblance is otherwise perfect I do not wish to contend, but the striking penetration of the novel into inner life I can parallel nowhere else except, perhaps, in works of the same author. Analysis of motive and insight into character are certainly the strong points in this author, as every one must feel who has watched start into fire every hidden line of such characters as Mr. Bulstrode in "*Middlemarch*," and Arthur Donnithorne in "*Adam Bede*"; but there are other merits which these, great

as they are, cannot throw into the shade. Over whole pages of these novels there runs the quaintest vein of humour, shaping itself into epigram, that is, as far as I know, quite unique, and most characteristic of our author. The shapes which men and things take under this magic wand are mostly ludicrous, often irresistibly so, sometimes almost grotesque. But the true test of this humour, that its mirthful flashes are but froth-bubbles of a spring deep as ocean, is to be found in the wonderful facility with which mirth passes into the deepest solemnity. Mr. Tulliver, a miller, is a man to whom speech is difficult, action, as involving many considerations, perplexing; he explains to his wife by way of metaphor; his wife, unacquainted with that figure, takes him literally; to which Mr. Tulliver can say only that it is "a puzzlin' world"; when beset by the question of rights of stream, he reverts to the principle that "water is water," and can go no further. Altogether, though deeply unfortunate as the book goes on, he is an amusing character, which this same spirit of humour lights up with many a merry flash. But he lies on his death-bed—his favourite motto is the last word upon his lips, and as his honest heart beats its last, and "poor Tulliver's dimly-lighted soul ceases for ever to be vexed with the painful riddle of this world," we feel no smile rise to our lips, but rather that humour is bound up with the deep things of eternity.

We have noticed before, as characteristic of our author, absolute truth in the portrayal of character (witness Mrs. Poyser in "*Adam Bede*") ; we would add, as part of the same, perfect ease and naturalness (to coin a word) in dialogue, and a homely beauty in the description of country scenes which must be dear

to all true Englishmen. George Eliot is indeed the English Theocritus (I am sorry Sappho will not do), and adds to that a thorough mastery of the spiritual life or existence of the poor. For this and for all other reasons let us strongly recommend George Eliot to our readers, and advise them to begin with "The Mill on the Floss."



### "Gated."

#### A LAMENT.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 13, 1874.

If poets tell their tales of grief,  
 If Ovid sighs and moans  
 With bitter tears  
 His lonely years,  
 Why should not I, as they, seek like relief  
 In groans?

Fame says Siberia's plains are bleak,  
 And fame no doubt says true;  
 Calcutta's sun  
 Has ruth for none,  
 Consuming British livers in a week  
 Or two.

Yet exile here or there were sweet  
 As still I gaze upon  
 This cheering view  
 The whole day through:  
 The Middle Arch, the pump, a few square feet  
 Of stone.

It might have been my happy lot  
From Putney's bank to steer  
A four or pair,  
Devoid of care,  
Youth at the helm and at the prow a pot  
Of beer.

But stern fate points to duties owed,  
Toils not yet overcome ;  
Demands Greek verse  
Or even worse,  
Judicial systems and the legal code  
Of Rome.



### *Eccentricity.*

It is strange how rarely one is able to speak of a friend as "original." Modern life tends more and more to throw the units of society into closer relations, and more complete interdependence, until the angles of character which are the marks of individualism are rubbed down into a uniform social similarity. The individual withers, and the world, as it becomes more and more, brings man down to a dead level.

Eccentricity of life or manner takes many forms. Involuntary peculiarities, the result of habit, are of course common enough ; the mannerisms of old age, or those which result from peculiar education,



are phenomena which are neither of interest nor calculated to attract an enthusiastic sympathy. A more interesting group of peculiarities are those which may be called wilful eccentricities, and these, with their motives, as they appear in all forms of human activity, are exceedingly suggestive. The kleptomaniac we willingly leave to the scientific analysis of the physiologist; doubtless "brain tissue" and "ganglia" will explain *his* social failings; but the eccentricity of a Whistler, a Browning, an Irving will open out some interesting lines of investigation.

The first question that meets us is: How can we account for a deliberate setting at defiance of accepted canons of art? Is it, truly, a protest against those canons as false? Is it the unfolding of higher laws than those accepted as the current principles of æsthetics? Is it not often, in great measure, nay, oftener altogether, conceit? Again, how far does indulgence of artistic eccentricity satisfy a merely personal fancy, how far does it lead up to a more universal, "non-individual" view?

The fact is certain that there is no such royal road to notoriety as non-conformity to traditional forms; even in regard to social peculiarities, bad taste in dress or manner, in attracting attention, flatters the human instinct which loves notice, even though the attention involve disparaging criticism. To the Darwinist this instinct is something more than merely an important principle in human nature; it accounts for most varieties of form which differentiate the various orders of living things. Of course, man's nature and motives being very com-

plex, it is absurd to say that the eccentric colouring of a painter, or the rugged and barbarous thought and style of a poet, or the monstrous gait and unintelligible articulation of an actor, arise merely from a desire to attract attention by non-conformity to stereotyped rules of art. But that in the first instance, in all such cases, the absolute necessity of "taking a new line," of avoiding the commonplace, is a chief motive, there seems little doubt; whether this power of initiating a novelty is a form of genius, is a question which, for the present, we will pass by. Undoubtedly, too, the old proverb, "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," expresses a universal feature of merely popular criticism; we do not understand a thing, and many of us, until we can bring a novelty into relation with our existing stock of knowledge, are content to admire it, and leave it as an image of the imagination, at present not mentally digested. We swallow it raw and pretend to like it; if it disagrees with us afterwards, we must blame for our misjudgment the necessity of "social lies which warp us from the living truth."

In a wider aspect also, in the ties of social relations, the charge of weakness, or worse, incurred by those who merely conform to stereotyped ways of thought, manner, and action, still threatens us. That is a happy touch in "The New Republic" where the lady of fashion says she always considers people who are unable to be at home in merely personal talk, but are off on art and literature, are not "in society"; ignorance of the scandals which are the stock subjects among a certain class argues a man unknown. As

each man is the centre of a vast number of social relations, it is clear that to a certain point all must conform to the laws which, whatever their origin, regulate those relations. A Diogenes discounts the pleasures of social life for the satisfaction of the pride which peeps through the holes in his tattered coat. But the question is, when is the manly independence of action or opinion not only an advantage, but a duty? Conformity to the laws of good manners is, up to a certain point, incumbent on all: for the immediate relations between man and man would be infinitely more difficult if social intercourse, by eliminating the peculiarities of the individual, did not enable one man to get at another's inner self by a more immediate contact. And in semi-heroic ages, such, as in some sense, the time of Elizabeth, when the commonplace was only found in the Court, the chief impediment, after the absence of the more complicating conditions of modern life, to the close contact between mind and mind was precisely the fact that there was, as it were, no neutral ground, no "*metaichmion*," existing in the smoothness of more studied social relations; where men must sink their personality, and submit to commonly accepted laws regulating social intercourse. It is a curious question whether democratic institutions do not really after all tend to assimilate men and run them in a common groove; the minute regulations at Athens which necessitated in the individual a complete avoidance of numberless slight personal peculiarities seems to upset one's notion of the democratic ideal, which is to enable a man to think, to say, and to do just as he pleases.

Finally passing, as our view widens, to the eccentric forms which political and religious opinions have taken in the history of thought, we find the analysis to produce some such result as this.

In the first instance, all great movements have begun in the minds of men who have been called reformers, revolutionists, freethinkers, and so on, and have been usually execrated, imprisoned or burnt by their contemporaries (and not unfrequently canonized by their posterity). In other words, individualism pure and simple has usually caught up the latent tendencies and blind driftings of an age, and like a breaker thrown the ebbing and flowing waters which represent the spirit of an age far up to a higher level. Then that large mass composed of "excellent human dough," without any power of intellectual initiative, with "half-open eyes, treading the borderland dim" between yea and no, follow the sceptic's banner, and by their blind adherence to the externals of his novel creed, and their incompetence to grasp his real meaning, bring discredit on his judgments; reaction follows; the wheel comes full circle; and the commonplace, the permanent, the accepted, the normal standard is reached again. In a wide sense, then, the communistic and materialist forms of thought in the mouths of blatant and aggressive men are the eccentric element which gives way, in the long run, before the permanent and commonplace opinions of the majority—opinions doubtless surging back with vast modifications after every advance; falling back, however, through disgust at eccentricities of thought and purpose, which have been misunderstood and misinterpreted by that large mass who, if they cannot indeed lift up their eyes to the

hills, yet, at least, inherit the priceless heirloom of a steady and permanent conservatism.

So, too, the brilliant personality who attracts us with his individualism, and yet repels us with the wounds he deals to our prejudices, may be doing good work by clearing away the obstructive encumbrances which are hindering progress; often, however, the more humble citizen, "striving blindly, achieving nothing," as he thinks, in conforming to the demands of a merely commonplace life, in being content to have "foamed for a moment and gone," is handing on the torch of tradition, whose beams are perhaps destined to be a safer guide than the "dry intellectual light" of a man who sets tradition at nought; in a moment the jaws of a blacker darkness than before do devour him up.

As the great analyst of human purpose says of her greatest heroine: "Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth; but her influence was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

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**"This is how it Happened down in Kentucky."**

He found a rope, and picked it up,  
And with it walked away ;  
It happened that to t'other end  
A horse was hitched, they say.  
They found a tree, and tied the rope  
Unto a swinging limb ;  
It happened that the other end  
Was somehow hitched to him.

*Idem Latine.*

Ante pedes Davi funis jacet ; impiger ille  
Corripit, et rapida portat ad arva manu :  
Funis, sic perhibent, o sors optabilis, idem  
Non freno indocili colla ligarat equi.  
Forte ibi quercus erat ; nodo constringitur arcto  
Funis, qua ramis imminet alta viae.  
Non alium Davi, fatum o miserabile, restem  
Cervicem laqueo circumiisse ferunt.



**Croaks of a Night-bird.**

READER, do you sleep? Do you know what it is to fling yourself on your bed, your mind and body in a state of healthy exhaustion, to draw the clothes over you, to murmur a drowsy "good-night" to your next-

door neighbour, and then to sink into a deep, happy, dreamless *sleep*, from which you wake in the morning with redoubled power and will (for, of course, *you* are never idle) to pursue your daily tasks? Happy are you! and unhappy am I, who have lost the priceless blessing you enjoy, who go down to bed sleepy, as I think, close my eyes, turn on my right side (minute-ness of description, you know, is the essence of Poetry), and for a short time flatter myself that to-night I really shall sleep. But presently a thought creeps into my mind, let us say of some prize, of mental or physical excellence, that I aspire to; then follow other thoughts, of my fellow-competitors, of their probable success, of what they are doing now, of what their friends think about it, of what *my* friends wish, and so thoughts spin faster and faster through my brain, till a perfect whirlwind seems to be raging inside my forehead, and at last, after hours of tossing about, vainly trying by some new position to get rest for my heated body and mind, I fall into a troubled sleep, dream *coherent* dreams (always a sign of being nearly awake), and rise in the morning unrefreshed and low-spirited, and utterly unable to work as I ought to work.

But, you will say, there is some cure for this. Is there, indeed? All sorts of means have I tried. Exercise, no exercise; head-work, no head-work; tea, no tea; early bed, late bed; medicine, and no medicine, everything and nothing; but all my plans have failed. Once I remember, I *did* succeed by sheer force of will. I compelled my mind to think of nothing else but sheep jumping over a stile, not even allowing myself to laugh at the ludicrous "form" and ungainly leaps they exhibited, and after counting an immense number

of these extraordinary animals, I fell asleep; and next day had to pay for my last night's exertion of will, by such a prostration of my whole system, that I have never dared to repeat the experiment. No! I fear there is no cure for me, save one, laudanum; and when I think how Coleridge, the greatest man we ever have produced, or shall produce, ruined his brain, and shattered his bodily health first by the destroying drug, and then by the agonizing struggle to escape from the slavery that it brought, I dare not (as yet) take the road that led him to such misery.

So I have to "grin and bear it," and try to comfort myself by reasoning that my sleeplessness is not wholly useless. "Laborare est orare" is an old and true saying, and the labour I go through with at night is far greater than my day's work. Besides, I have many pleasant thoughts of dear friends at home, and many useful thoughts of the past, present, and future, and many *sad* thoughts of wasted energies and broken resolutions, resolutions which I form anew; for I venture to believe that good resolutions, when honestly made, are better, even though they are not kept, than no resolutions at all; and actual facts arise from my wakeful nights, whether they are useful or no is another question, for this very paper was projected under such circumstances.

But, perhaps, you would like to know a little more of these circumstances. Well, then, imagine me well advanced in the sleepless stage, listening only too intently to every sound: presently I hear a scratch, scratch, crunch, crunch, close to my side, and leap up in bed in a fright, till I remember with shame that mice infest my ward, and so leave them to their



gambols. But what was that dark creeping thing that I saw just by my bed? And why do the top of my curtains seem to be moving? With a shudder I reflect that black beetles abound, and filled with a truly heroic spirit I seize a boot (N.B. not my own), and march forth, like the Crusaders of old, to war with the horrid creatures to the death: covered with renown, I cease for awhile from my exertions, reflecting with satisfaction on the numerous corpses I have left on "the plain of Ascalon"; indeed, so numerous are they, that I might well lay claim to that proud distinction of wearing the inscription, "thirteen at a blow," which brought the renowned tailor such good fortune.

Safe again in bed, my ears are saluted by the melodious cries of those cats whose love-ditties may be intensely fascinating to themselves, but are intensely irritating to the dull human ear: and, by the law of contraries, my thoughts gallop off on the subject of music, gradually turning to the concert I heard some while ago, where Nilsson's voice nearly drove me mad with delight; and longingly do I think of that exquisitely soothing air (the best music that ever was written), "He shall feed his flock," as I lie feverish and restless on my couch: but, hark! even as I think, there breaks on my ear a sound, faint and gentle as the early evening breeze, presently rising into a steady prolonged note, such as one hears when the night-wind blows: anon, I hear a crash, like the tempest's blast, an agonizing series of snorts, grunts, and gasps, and then the snorer turns over only to commence a fresh melody, from which I *cannot* avert my attention. O snorer, snorer! little do you know how my soul yearns to quench your

music with such a shower of boots as would wake the dead, and fervently would you hope that homicidal mania might not be made a legitimate excuse for murder, if you dreamt of the murderous thoughts that arise in my heart, till I feel tempted like Macbeth to murder sleep, even though I should hear like Macbeth a voice cry:—

“Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.”

But the homicidal mania passes, the snores subside, and with a somewhat calmed spirit, I try to make things look better than they are, and smile as I remember that Scotchman who fought so valiantly against the foe that I wish to succumb to. He was caught by this argument: “Sleep is a loss of time, loss of time is an evil, therefore sleep is an evil;” and so convinced was he, that for three nights in succession he kept himself awake, playing zealously at “double dummy”: but, alas for human nature! on the fourth night, while striving in the fields to drive sleep off, his enemy overcame him, down he tumbled on the grass, fast asleep, where, fortunately for himself, he was found by the watchman, carried home, and left to slumber for twenty-four hours, at the end of which he arose, a sadder and a wiser man, acknowledging that though sleep is an evil, it is a necessary evil, against which man has not strength to fight. And whilst I reflect thus, sleep proves the truth of his acknowledgment, by deigning at last to

bend over me, and breathe its blessing on my brow, as it releases me from the tyrant Thought, to whom my brain has been paying such devoted and unrewarded and miserable service.

Amusing, isn't it, reader? Yes, to you; but to me it is very sad. An eminent preacher once said, that the loveliest word in the whole Bible is this, "for so He giveth His beloved sleep;" it may be the loveliest, but to me it is very melancholy; and sorrowfully do I think of it at night. Never shall I forget how it rang in my ears on the most wretched night of my life:—it was in the middle of an examination, I had worked hard all day, and as I lay in bed, my mind full of this abominable examination, I distinctly felt my brain totter and reel, and a great blackness rose up around that seemed to be tearing me away and dragging me down from earth; thank God! the fit passed, and I was left trembling, terrified, but *not* mad; and earnestly did I cry for that boon, whose denial had well-nigh bereft me of reason.

Meanwhile, I feel that I am *aging*, for the simple reason that I live longer in one day than other men do; and yet I don't look ill, I am even known for my cheerfulness; so that if you wish to discover the author of this paper, you had better wait till the Grecians and Probationers are assembled (I admit that I form one of their number), stare hard at them till you see who laughs most and loudest, and if you don't get a sound thrashing for your impertinence, which I have great pleasure in promising you, you will be able to discover the luckless being who now addresses you.

But I fear that this paper has a somewhat somnolent tendency, for I am one of those unfortunate people who

can find no rest for themselves, while to others they give only too much ; yet, who knows ? Perhaps it will do me good to relate my griefs ; at least, I trust this account may do some good to others ! through it I can stretch a sympathizing hand to my brother-sufferers, if I have any, which may the Fates forbid, and try to cheer them by my fellow-feeling ; and perhaps, O somnolent reader, my troubles may inspire you with some sympathy, some kindly pity for the wakeful night-bird, who now croaketh his farewell.



### *Virgil and Rienzi.*

ON a cold December morning,  
In that early dreary hour  
When the eye is very drowsy,  
And the temper very sour ;  
Thus I sat, my eyes half closing,  
Cold my fingers, pale my look,  
Virgil was the morning's lesson,  
Virgil's *Æneid*, second Book.  
  
I was thinking how *Æneas*,  
Leaving burning Troy behind,  
Wandered to that Western Country  
Where the Gods his home assigned ;  
I was wondering if the Grecians  
Ever really made the horse,  
Thought, if Virgil ne'er existed,  
I could well sustain the loss.

Till at last I thought I'd better  
 Try to do a few lines more ;  
 Lo ! a word of fearful aspect  
 That I'd never seen before ;  
 Long I puzzled, long I pondered,  
 Long remained in anxious doubt,  
 Stared five minutes at the ceiling,  
 Then resolved to look it out.

Turning round to find its meaning  
 In a sort of classic frenzy,  
 Found a book that was not Latin,  
 Opened it ; 'twas called Rienzi.  
 Virgil, Troy, were soon forgotten,  
 As I o'er the volume pored,  
 As I read of Rome's great tribune  
 Falling 'neath the page's sword.

Saw the dying look of anguish—  
 Heard a rustle near my chair,  
 And a well-known voice exclaiming,  
 "What the Dickens have you there?"  
 Hope still triumphed as I gently,  
 Scarcely daring to look round,  
 By a quick and dextrous movement  
 Slid the volume to the ground.

"There is nothing but my Virgil,"  
 Was my answer quick and free,  
 "Here's a most perplexing passage,  
 Please sir, do sir, tell it me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Reader, let me draw the curtain,  
I am sick at heart and ill ;  
I confess that sitting posture  
Gives me pain and twinges still,  
And on cold December mornings,  
When the frost is on the grass,  
And the frozen breath is sticking  
Over every pane of glass ;  
  
When obscure and dubious phrases  
Almost force the rising tear,  
And I turn and see a novel  
Lying on the table near ;  
Then I murmur, with a shudder,  
As I push the book away,  
“Novel-reading’s very pleasant,  
But it really does not pay.”

*Repartee.*

THE power of shining out conspicuously in repartee is most decidedly a gift of Nature, and may be reckoned as one of the many talents which enable a man to make his way in social life. Many have made it one of the objects of their lives to acquire a capacity for retorting on their neighbour’s clever remarks ; but all who have lacked the natural gift have miserably failed, or else have been forced to fall back upon the very lowest form of repartee, viz. :—that of bandying puns. Repartee does not seem to have been very

extensively cultivated in the times of the ancient Greeks; the form which it adopted was chiefly abuse, and of this they heaped whole mud-carts upon each other. The only retort the Homeric heroes had in store for their luckless opponents was to call them "bloated with wine," "with the face of a dog," and "the heart of a deer." In fact, during all the national life of Greece, we find its vocabulary most plentifully stocked with reviling epithets. Thrasy-machus, no longer able to stand against Socrates' arguments, tells him he is only worthy to be spat upon. A better example of the abusive powers of the Greeks may be met with in the following couplet, culled from Aristophanes:—

ὃ βδελυρὲ κἀναίσχυντε καὶ τολμηρὲ σὺ  
καὶ μιὰρὲ καὶ παμμίαρε καὶ μιάρώτατε.

Undoubtedly they were glib enough at this kind of repartee; but as years rolled on, refinement and social delicacy deprived repartee of its abusive nature, and we find that argument becomes more subtle as wording gets more pure.

Yet it is the same in the infancy of man as it is in the infancy of the world. For such is the depravity of the juvenile mind that every small boy has ever ready a torrent of stereotyped invective to pour on his neighbour's head, and if that neighbour be not clever enough to extemporize a similar answer, he will have to indulge in what is contemptuously called a "tu quoque." Such a performance is ever considered amongst the youthful circle to be a sure sign of defeat and capitulation.

But lift we our eyes higher and we shall find that repartee has its intricacies and its refinements like all

other social arts. An off-hand contest between two well-known wits is rather more enlivening, and rather more intellectual than a juvenile tussle, or a Homeric dialogue. It were a curious task to divine the feelings of the two antagonists, inasmuch as such feelings must be influenced by character, and the variety of characters is only outnumbered by the variety of "dodges," some stereotyped, some original. The timid is afraid to launch out into the argument, especially if many eyes be turned upon him; he blushes, looks confused, and if ever he does make a good hit, is so frightened at the sensation he has created that he invariably collapses beneath his newly-won laurels. Another, elated by success, goes too far, makes a fool of himself, and is only conscious when he is in the mire of the withering glances of scorn directed at him from all sides. Another, by no means brilliant, yet deems it incumbent on his dignity and self-respect to make some resistance, so he chews the cud of silence awhile, and when the attention of the company has already been diverted to some other subject, comes out with a startling remark, the discrepancy of which with the matter in hand brings down the laugh on his own unfortunate head, especially as the reason of his interruption gradually dawns upon the audience. Perhaps the greatest interest is afforded by the bold one, who listens with easy condescension to the pungent remark of his adversary; a conscious smile sits on his brow as he hears him drawing to an end; with self-satisfied accents he gives forth his dictum, and then with lordly air turns to the assembled company, with a smile that says, "I refer to your omniscient opinion to corroborate my words." The judgment



thus flatteringly courted cannot but be flatteringly tendered.

A few more characters are, perhaps, worth the mentioning. For instance, there is a persistent and vigorous warrior who, if unable to answer your arguments, invariably tries to pick a hole in your words and diction, with more or less success. There is but one more, and his expedient is truly a rash one. If he be whelmed in the depths of despair, he will himself lead off the laugh against his opponent, trying this almost as a forlorn hope. But woe betide him! for his is a rash and foolhardy experiment; and if the laugh be not caught up immediately by a friendly knot of upholders, his voice sounding forth alone and unaccompanied will but be his own death-knell.

But the shifts of the vanquished are still more wonderful and varied. The timid one who has received an unceremonious snub thinks of no shift to avoid the blow; his thoughts are all centred on the shame he is undergoing. Without more ado he shrinks into his shell, and remains there until his feelings of confusion are over, a period which varies according to his natural bashfulness. People look on him with pity, a proceeding which all the more excites his sensitiveness, and brings the blushes to his cheeks. Another, the very opposite to our timid friend, will become sour, turn repartee into retort, and endeavour to change a friendly joust into a mortal contest. His is a morose and pugnacious temper; provided he win in the repartee, his face will be covered with a gloomy smile of satisfaction; provided he lose, he will endeavour to make his

adversary's smile of satisfaction gloomy. A wily opponent will fail to see the drift of your remarks for a time, and will question you again as to what you said, thus gaining time for the excogitation of a subtle answer. Another will deprecate an attack, saying that he could not venture into the lists, &c., against such a distinguished, &c.,—all the while turning with a confident smile to the audience, which might be construed into a conscious witticism, or a desire to spare his antagonist a defeat. Nay, a conquest is sometimes gained even by the stupid; his bovine stolidity is unconquerable; it stands like armour to repel your fiery shafts and subtle hits. "For even to the very gods," says some one, "stupidity is invincible."

There yet remains one character whom we cannot dream of omitting. How it would hurt his dignity to be left out in the catalogue, and how severely we should be repaid by him for such an omission! This is the stubborn, the irrepressible gentleman whom no words can overcome, and whom no persuasion can soften; he sticks like a thorn in the flesh in every debate, and in every social gathering into which he can possibly squeeze. As a rule he is not brilliant, but for all that he lacks of this quality he amply compensates by pure persistence and dogged stubbornness. He will always be ready with an answer, and though the laugh be dead against him, you will hear his voice struggling above the din with its "Nay, but you know," and "Well, but you see." Such are a few characters that shine in the repartee of social life; but who can describe them all? They are innumerable as the countless brood of Tethys.

## Prospice.

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
     The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
     I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
     The post of the foe ;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form ;  
     Yet the strong man must go ;  
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
     And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon is gained,  
     The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
     The best and the last !  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbear  
     And bad me creep past.  
 No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
     The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
     Of pain, darkness and cold.  
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
     The black minute's at end,  
 And the elements rage, the fiend voices that rave,  
     Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a piece out of pain,  
     Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O, thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,  
     And with God be the rest !

*Idem Latine.*

Mortemne ut timeam—Sentire in gutture fumos,  
In facie nebulas ?  
Ut cæpere nives, propioraque flamina signant  
Me tetigisse locum,  
Quâ nox arma movet, tempestas urget, et hostis  
In statione suâ est :  
Statque viris præsens Libitina timoris imago,  
Nec renuenda viris !  
Nam confecta via est, et habemus culmina montis,  
Ipsaque valla cadunt,  
Quamquam pugna manet, pretium mercedis et actum  
Fine coronat opus.

Pugnavi meruique manu : nunc optima tantum  
Summa, relictâ dies :  
Nollem luminibus captis mihi præter eunti  
Mors faceret veniam.  
Immo ego, quæcunque est ediscam, heroës ut ante,  
Consimilesque mei !  
Cuncta feram, lætæ reparem dispendia vitæ,  
Nocte, dolore, gelu :  
Nec mora : nam subito prosunt et pessima forti ;  
Nigrior hora perit :  
Tartaræ voces, elementaque sæva, quiescunt,  
Ut coïssæ putes.  
Fiet mutatis dolor otia—luxque—tuoque in  
Pectore deliciæ,  
O vitæ vita ipsa meæ ! te amplectar, ut olim :  
Viderit inde Deus !

## A Leaf from the "New Writer."

IN the lack of any stirring questions in contemporary life, the "New Writer" of the "Epic of Hades," following the example of the modern "classical" poets, has been forced to go back to the Greek world for a poetical subject. His choice would not, at first sight, seem a happy one. The heroes of the Greek and Roman Epics, as it will instantly occur to the reader, paid their own due visits to the infernal regions; the author of the "Divine Comedy" made an extensive tour through Hades. The unknown poet, the "New Writer" on an old topic, labours under the disadvantage of treading on what has now become a beaten track. With a commonplace subject, he has to counterbalance his drawback at starting by skill in literary execution. His aim, in the words of his motto, is "*proprie communia dicere*."

The plan of the work is simple. The writer in the course of a walk in "February, when the dawn was slow and winds lay still," is mentally transported into that "weird land Hellenic fancy feigned,"

"Beyond the fabled river and the bark  
Of Charon, and forthwith on every side  
Rose the thin throng of ghosts."

After a powerful description of the sluggish wood, the darkling pines, the twilight drear, there is ushered in the first of the long line of penitents—Tantalus. The typical Eastern autocrat, born in the purple; after "long and weary orgies," he gained that "strange

sense of nothingness and wasted days," which forces him at last to throw himself into the arms of priest-craft and sorcery. A sudden mad impulse prompts the murder of his son; remorse and awakening consciousness of "the stain of blood blotting the stain of lust," suggest suicide. The closing lines are a protest against the old deception, justification by works, a broken reed, on which Tantalus is induced to lean, "by the priests, who flattered me." The account of his sufferings is an amplification of the lines in the *Odyssey*, though there is no touch that approaches the dramatic life of that well-known picture.

The presentation of Sisyphus is one of the finest in the poem. A toilsome figure stands against the hardly dawning sky. The rocky mass, poised a moment on the crest, breaks from him and bounds swifter and swifter from crag to crag. Sisyphus, of course, is the incarnation of "the lust of power."

" Qui petere a populo fasces saevasque secures  
Imbibit et semper victus tristisque recedit."

As Lucretius has tried to explain him.

He is followed by Clytemnœstra, "happy and yet unquiet"; by Marsyas, "a sorrowful sad soul," from out of the core of whose suffering flowed a secret spring of joy. The lines on his music are well worth quoting:—

" The sweet strain fuller grown  
Rounder and clearer came, and danced along  
In mirthful measure now, and now grown grave  
In dying falls, and sweeter and more clear,  
Tripping at nuptials and high revelry,  
Wailing at burials, rapt in soaring thoughts,  
Chanting strange sea tales full of mystery,  
Touching all chords of being and life and death."

Actæon, Helen, Eurydice, and nearly all the celebrated heroes and heroines of the old mythology file before us, until, spell-bound by the long procession, one is tempted to echo Macbeth's cry.

It is this long succession of characters, perhaps, which constitutes a defect in the "epic." In all such semi-allegorical works there is almost necessarily a want of unity, linked with a loss of interest. Each presentation stands by itself; each is intrinsically a separate poem. Even the greatest genius can scarcely sustain the interest of a long allegory. The eye gradually tires of looking over a long gallery of portraits, however powerfully they may be executed. The subject, as we have said before, is far from original. The echo of the ancient world falls on the ear throughout the whole work. So the "New Writer" must perforce provoke contrast with the great poets who have preceded him on his ground.

Still, when this has been said, almost everything that can be urged against the poem appears to be exhausted. In point of literary execution its chief characteristics, perhaps, are a simple and beautiful metre; a kind of easy transition from one topic to another; the fine passages that stud the whole poem, and stray touches of natural description, gems of their kind, as—

" The thrush from out the yew  
Sang out réveillé to the coming day—  
Soldier-like."

That it is one of the most melodious poems that have appeared during the last twenty years, few will deny; its claim to a lasting reputation will probably be allowed to pass unchallenged the more and more it is read and admired.

## Spindrift.

It seems as though we were well content to draw on the past for our art and literature; the age is athirst for revivals. And now Gibbon is once more unearthed; whose history consists of a series of gorgeous medallions, while his criticism is chiefly *ex parte* statement and narrow, biassed prejudice. Do not even those much vaunted ponderous periods confuse and weary? Until at last one feels that a writer, no less than an orator, may be inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity.

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Spasmodic outbursts of popular emotions are the besetting sin of advanced democracy; the story of Arginusæ is not without parallel, even in times when "indifferentism" is a virtue. Should a hapless public school display a weakness of system, in a moment it is scorched by the fierce light of public opinion. Conversely, a momentary success commands immediate idolatry. Nor is the Press wholly responsible for this state of things; for after all the Press is merely a great financial speculation; but the fault of submissive yielding to melodramatic partiality or dislike is inherent in democracy, which is baptized with the mysterious ritual of a misunderstood liberty, confirmed and strengthened in waywardness and inconsistency, and finally, at the mercy of merely mechanical agitation or some shortlived popular favourite.



Surely "Imperialism" is better than Bravo cases and a caucus system.

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Is it possible that the brute creation possesses some kind of "second sight," or even keener senses than man? In the *Odyssey* the dogs cower at the sight of Athene, though Telemachus cannot see her; and in the history of Balaam, the ass sees the threatening angel before its rider had perceived it. And as to animals possessing keener sense than man, there is a well-known Indian story of an elephant that refused to pass a bridge which, though really unsafe, was, to all appearance, perfectly strong.

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It is fashionable to assert that Religion is, in this "nineteenth century" (the mere cant formula is becoming a kind of spell), an unimportant element in the political problems of the day. But what are the facts? M. Gambetta, prospective Dictator, champion of Progress and Democracy, has thought it worth while to declare war to the knife against the clergy; again, Prince Bismarck finds it necessary to negotiate an offensive and defensive alliance with Ultramontaniam, which would otherwise hold in its grasp, through the equal balance of the Progressive and Conservative parties, the majority on all political questions. Is not Mahomedanism a religious power first, and then a political power? Finally, what do we read of Russia? Sir Bartle Frere says, "In Russia, whatever of real loyalty exists, is inseparably bound up with religion; and whatever is religious is actively propagandist and hostile to non-Christian powers. To a modern religious Russian, the prospect

of a war with Mahomedan or idolatrous princes has the same aspect, and excites the same feelings, as a crusade in the Middle Ages."

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Art is rarely so fascinating as when it conveys a sense of reserve—of great force held back, or some great passion spent but leaving its traces; just as the charm of brilliant conversation often consists rather in the luminous formulating of a principle than the working out in dialectical detail of its applications. Timomachus paints his Medea when still debating; Laocoon does not scream, but sighs, in his death struggle. As Lessing says, the culmination of the tragedy is left to the imagination. So too, Marius among the ruins of Carthage, Napoleon on the cliffs of St. Helena, make more impressive pictures than when in their hours of triumphant generalship at Aquæ Sextiæ, or Austerlitz. Art does but copy nature; and nature's highest peaks are veiled in cloud.

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"Culture" does not consist in Paterism; it does not find its true expression in sage-green robes, or peacock curtains; in its widest and best sense it is the pursuit of perfection, the study of intellectual and moral beauty; nor is it merely a selfish self-education, but an active social force, making men eager not only to regenerate self, but to hold the torch of reason to those who sit in darkness. Hence it preaches a crusade against ignorance, narrowness—in a word, ugliness, moral and social. Culture is not School Boards, with studies of electricity and magnetism superadded to the three R's; it is not classic education, carrying with it skill in handling

Sophocles and reeling off elegant elegiacs ; it is not merely analytic study of "The Republic," or the unravelling of the complicated relations between minute Greek States. It is an aspiration, springing from self-conviction of ignorance ; a thirst for clear, well-reasoned fact ; a disinterested effort to persuade men to lift up their eyes to the hills, and acknowledge that the useful is the beautiful, and the beautiful the useful.

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But we are told "Culture" is mere cant, and moreover has had its day ; Mr. Arnold maintains his influence only because perfect style always attracts ; Rossetti and Swinburne express merely a phase of modern thought. The world is weary of being called Philistine. As usual, the great mass, ever ready to imitate, have seized a superficial sign, the love of Art, and have thus converted a single aspect of modern culture into an all-embracing characteristic. The busby does not make the soldier, but a man may wear epaulets and yet remain a raw, undrilled volunteer. Good ground for congratulation would it be if a re-action against the "Gospel of Culture" resulted in these deserters from the ranks of the Philistines returning to their own, if they will receive them. Their hard words will break no bones, and the contemptuous avowal that these things are too difficult for them, too high, they cannot attain unto them, will only issue in the ruin of the æsthetic upholsterer.

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Mr. Symonds' brilliant sketch of Shelley is no less interesting as the inner history of a life, than as suggestive of the contrast between eighteenth century

criticism and that of the present day. Though condemned at Oxford as a religious iconoclast, he would be received by the less onesided modern spirit in Prospero's style: "For one thing that he did, they would not take his life." "For," as Mr. Symonds tells us, "he had a vital faith, and this faith made his ideals seem possible; faith in the gospel of equality and liberty; faith in the divine beauty of nature; faith in a love that rules the universe; faith in the perfectibility of man; faith in the omnipresent soul of which our souls are atoms. He believed too much to be consistently agnostic; his creed had nothing divine in it because it was all divine." Brought constantly into contact with men and women—like the Irish whom he tried to proselytize—"mere oysters in the scale of intellectual being," financially reckless, personally eccentric, mysteriously sensitive and introspective, he was destined to move about in worlds unrealized, withering, like his own sensitive plant, amidst a coarse, unappreciative world. His life was one consistent protest against formalistic realism.



## A sa Majesté l'Impératrice Eugénie lors de son retour de Zululand.

Il est fini, ton triste et long pèlerinage !  
 Nous fêtons aujourd'hui ton bienheureux retour,  
 Et nous tous qui t'aimons venons sur cette plage  
 T'offrir notre tribut de respect et d'amour.

Tous les cœurs sont émus et tous les fronts s'inclinent ;  
 En nous tous retentit l'écho de tes douleurs.  
 O ! si de ta couronne, enlevant les épines,  
 Nous pouvions la changer en couronne de fleurs !

Si nous pouvions, hélas ! Altesse infortunée,  
 Te rendre en même temps tous les bonheurs perdus !  
 Si nous pouvions te faire une autre destinée,  
 Digne de ton grand cœur, digne de tes vertus !

Mais que sert de te plaindre et t'aimer, pauvre mère ?  
 Nos vœux ne peuvent rien sans le secours du Ciel.

“ De sa coupe, Seigneur, ôte l'absinthe amère  
 “ Et daigne à l'avenir n'y laisser que le miel !

“ Son cœur saigne ; ses pieds ont gravi le Calvaire,  
 “ Son front pâle est courbé sous le poids des malheurs !  
 “ Verse sur sa blessure un baume salulaire,  
 “ Et taris dans ses yeux la source de ses pleurs !”

*Idem Anglicæ.*

Thy long and mournful pilgrimage is o'er !

We celebrate thy safe return to-day,  
And all who love thee stand upon the shore,  
A tribute of respect and love to pay.

Each heart is touched, and every head is bent ;

The echo of thy grief resounds in ours.  
Ah ! if thy crown with thorns of sorrow pent,  
We might exchange for one of joyful flowers !

Alas, if but we might, unhappy Queen,

Give back the blessings torn from thee by strife,  
Fashion another fate than what has been,  
Worthy thy noble heart and virtuous life.

But what, poor mother, avail our grief and love ?

Our vows are naught without the aid of Heaven ;  
The wormwood from her cup, O Lord, remove,  
Vouchsafe that honey alone henceforth be given.

Her heart is wrung, on Calvary stand her feet ;

Her face is pale, and crushed with woes and fears ;  
Anoint her wound with healing balm and sweet,  
And in her eyes drain dry the source of tears.

## Beneath the Giffs.

THE chance wayfarer passing through our ghostly cloisters between nine and ten any winter's evening, the benighted ward-servant, the pallid small-boy returning from the infirmary, all know what it is to have suddenly heard from behind a corner a hoarse yell, followed by half a dozen shadowy figures in white, who have flitted past and disappeared in the darkness enshrouding the top of the Hall Cloister, while the yell is echoed from all parts of the lonely building. The experienced knoweth that these figures, far from being spiritual, are very substantial indeed, and the deed of darkness in which they are engaged is nothing more or less than a game going by the euphonious title of "Popshout." Often have I formed one of that jerseyed, slippered band; often have I sallied forth in search of concealment, and, snugly ensconced in a puddle at some corner where five draughts met, waited in suspense as the stealthy footsteps of the other side were heard approaching, patriotically, but vainly, endeavouring to restrain a sneeze. The many nooks and corners of the Hospital afford capital hiding-places, but perhaps our most favourite spot was the C—l H—e, as requiring some ingenuity to enter, and at the same time as being forbidden. This is situated at the end of one of the mysterious vaults which pass beneath the Hospital, holding the remains of generations of benefactors, and, as popular tradition whispers, those of the old monks and abbots who inhabited the Grey Friars monastery.

These vaults are, I believe, blocked up, with the exception of the part used for stacking coals; and incursions planned by daring spirits for the purpose of exploring their awful recesses have never resulted in anything but a flogging. A few skulls and bones found occasionally during the execution of alterations have increased the awe with which the subterranean portion of the Hospital has always been regarded.

It was therefore with a weird creepy feeling that, whenever fate and the chief of our band led us into this hiding-place, we surveyed its gloomy walls and unfathomable depths. It was always our policy to keep near the door by which we entered, in order to avoid surprise and to be able to dart out at any moment upon the unsuspecting foe, so that we seldom attempted to advance far from the steps into the darkness. A feeble gas-burner dimly lit up the surroundings, and revealed here and there specks of white, which our excited imagination at once concluded were bones, but which were probably bits of clay pipe left by the workmen. In this romantic position our half-dozen would wait in total silence, broken only when some unwary individual brought down half a ton of coals upon his head with a startling crash, by violent objurgations from the other five, until the opposing party were ascertained by our scout to be hopelessly engaged in exploring Sixteens' landing (the most remote quarter of the building), when the door would be noiselessly opened, and our band would rush forth with a tremendous yell, leaving, however, one of our number to extinguish the gas and lock the door.

One cool night towards the end of October, this duty, somewhat to my disgust, devolved on me. I



am naturally very nervous, and whenever it fell to me to stay behind to put out the gas, my journey thence to the door, which was some distance off, was accomplished amid forebodings that I should meet one of the corpses which I knew had been buried close at hand. It did not, therefore, need the remembrance of Edgar Allan Poe's most horrible tales, which I had that evening been substituting for the less absorbing but more compulsory Thucydides lesson, to make me dislike the task that had been allotted to me. Accordingly, on this particular occasion, when I had extinguished the light, I made all speed to regain the outer world, and, groping along one of the clammy walls, stumbled ahead over pieces of coal and brick with considerable haste. I knew the way moderately well, but in my hurry my memory must have become confused, for after proceeding a considerable distance I had not yet reached the stone steps. I had taken a turning to the left just before, and concluding that I must have mistaken the way, I turned back, and, by the usual process of bewilderment, in half a minute had lost myself. Standing still, I nerved my throbbing heart, and gazed around.

By the glimmering light thrown down from a grating some distance off, I could dimly catch the gaunt outline of the surrounding walls. The stones pressed against my hand were covered with a dank and slimy perspiration. I was appalled by the dreary ghastliness of the scene, and with a cold shudder I hurried along a passage which opened at my right, not daring to look back, and fancying the echo of my own footsteps to be the sound of some ghostly pursuer. Then I asked myself, where was I rushing to? What were

these horrible vaults? The most frightful of the bedside stories I had heard told, and had myself, when a small boy, invented, concerning their history and inmates, recurred to me at that moment with a reality which overcame the consciousness of their perhaps imaginative origin. This was where those half-forgotten people lay whose names were told by the sleepy gravestones overhead. My heart sank as I remembered that the vaults into which I had strayed had not been opened for many years. Who knew how far they extended? Perhaps right through the great city as far as the river-bed. Oh, if I should not be able to find my way back! If I should be left to die among the mouldy bones of those ancient benefactors!

Maddened with the thought, I dashed forward through another long passage to where I saw the faint light of a grating in the arched roof. What was my joy on hearing voices overhead, and my own name! "He must have shuffled off to his Thicksides," said a voice which, though muffled by the distance, I recognized as belonging to one of my own side. "However, he's no loss." Before I had time to cry out, a distant scream of "Popshout" was heard, and a clatter of feet on the stones above told me that that night at least I should have to spend in my present horrible quarters. I could now hear indistinctly the monitor's bell ringing, and I knew no help could reach me till the next morning; perhaps not even then. I dared not explore the vaults further; I must stay where I was. Turning round, I surveyed the scene with as much calmness as I could muster.

One glance sufficed to tell me that *I was beneath the Jiffs.*

As far as I could see the damp stone floor was strewn with skulls, lying with tolerable regularity and accompanied by little heaps of dust. Here and there decaying pieces of coffin-wood told their own tale. At the end nearest to me a few whole skeletons showed signs of comparatively recent interment, but it needed little experience to teach me that this quarter of the quadrangle contained the most ancient of the dead buried within the precincts of the Hospital. A musty charnel-house smell hung about the reeking walls, while from the roof, black with grime and age, hung huge cobwebs resembling the trappings of a hearse. It was an eerie, unearthly place, and its bleak ghastliness might have unbraced stronger nerves than mine.

While I surveyed the scene, suddenly a low swooning cry stole through the still vaults and made my heart leap into my mouth. My hair bristled; my skin became stiff and puckered: I trembled with fear. An irresistible fascination drew me in the direction from which the cry came, and, unable to restrain myself, I darted forward. Again, chilling my very marrow, the cry was borne towards me, this time louder and almost articulate. As it died away, I caught in front of me the reflection of what seemed a bright light, and bursting towards it, I was brought to a sudden halt by distinctly hearing a husky voice exclaim, "Chorus, gentlemen!" and I could scarcely credit my ears when it was immediately followed by a number of voices singing the words, thrice repeated,

"Oh, we wont go home till mor-or-ning!"

a sentiment which was prolonged by one very broken and lugubrious voice for upwards of four minutes, ending in a moan which I recognized as the sound

that had so horrified me. Passing my hand across my damp forehead, I endeavoured to collect myself. I was seized with a strong feeling of curiosity, succeeding that of horror, and, stepping forward hastily, I found myself in a lighted chamber.

At the same moment I felt an iron grasp upon my wrist. Turning sharply round with a shudder, I saw at my side a grey ghostly figure, draped from head to foot. So awed was I by this strange apparition, that I had scarce time to observe the room and its occupants. In the centre was a table, round which were seated a number of persons, mostly in the costume of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. At their head sat a man whose sternly-cut features and commanding air impressed me forcibly. His long beard and unkempt hair were snowy white, and his features were remarkable for a pair of the most piercing eyes I have ever seen. His dress, like that of his companions, though old and in rags, gave unmistakable evidences of former splendour. He was, as I afterwards learnt from a chance remark dropped, identical with the Benefactor who has so strictly enjoined his *bones notte toe be moved*, and was singing the song whose strains had brought me to the spot. The rest were awaiting the chorus, with a resigned look upon their worn faces that was piteous to see. It was a low-roofed Elizabethan room, with thick oaken beams stretching from wall to wall. From the centre beam depended a wooden hoop, round which were ranged a few small wax-candles. The state of filth and neglect was indescribable. The thin plaster was broken away in many places from the cobwebbed walls, showing the bare laths beneath, and had fallen upon the worm-

eaten floor, to add to the scattered rubbish that lay everywhere about. In my amazement I turned for explanation to my cloaked guide, but my terror was so great that I could not utter a word.

"Mortal," it said at last, "I know what thou wouldst ask. Learn then that these are the forms of the long-departed benefactors, whose names are inscribed on the monuments overhead. All have at some time left bequests to the Hospital. For this their common crime they are sentenced to remain restless wanderers on the earth, until by a life of persevering parsimony they have succeeded in undoing their former evil. Some are pursuing virtue within the cloistered walls above, where their disinterested influence is becoming year by year more extended in its range. In consideration of their evidently sincere repentance, they are allowed to hold an annual gathering on the twenty-sixth of October, being the day which gave to an unworthy world His Most Pious Majesty King Edward VI. Till midnight they may remain here. But at the first stroke of twelve they resume their shapes above. Their president at the head——"

Here we are interrupted by the repetition of the chorus. After the time necessary for the leader's prolongation of the closing note, the being resumed:—

"Their president is the greatest offender among them, and has been the most zealous to regain his lost position. His was the brilliant idea that a judicious admixture of cold tea, camomile, and chicory might well take the place of the deleterious article formerly supplied as coffee, being far more healthful, if not more agreeable, while fully thirty-three per cent. would be saved to the foundation. It was his mighty

brain that first conceived the notion, now commonly prevalent, that a skilful compound of millboard and brown paper would form an admirable substitute for the best leather tanned in the manufacture of bootsoles ; rightly judging that the confinement of the boys indoors, which would necessarily follow, could not but have a beneficial effect in an increased amount of study. It is confidently asserted in certain quarters that he is even now revolving a scheme for supplying pork during the months of July and August at the merely nominal price of twopence three-farthings per pound—with a reduction on taking a quantity. The benevolent gentleman in spectacles was the originator of a subtle project for abolishing monitors, Deputy Grecians, and Grecians, and ruling by means of a gigantic system of beadledom, supplemented by occasional help on emergencies from the Hertford boys and ward matrons. It must be a matter for much regret to all who desire real improvement in the School that his highly estimable scheme has not yet been carried out in its entirety. All that he has at present been able to accomplish is the extinction of one parting of Grecians ; but there is every reason to look forward to the speedy consummation of his design. Nor have the juniors been given much power over the monitors ; but it is well understood that if an instance of collision between these rival powers occurs, and *does* chance to come to the ears of those in authority—which I am bound in justice to say is invariably the case—the superior meets with the prompt and severe punishment his conduct so richly merits. The apoplectic gentleman sitting nearest has recently——”

Another interruption. The president's song had ended, and he himself had risen to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have to propose the health of our royal Founder. Although unwittingly we once did him grievous harm in assisting to perpetuate his one blunder when he instituted the school above, I am proud to say that we have since striven our best to repair the damage to his reputation. Here's to the memory of King Edward VI.!"

After having drunk his health in brimming bumpers of ginger-beer, probably as being the nearest approach to their mediæval sack, and having musically voted him a jolly good fellow three times over, the company set down the skulls from which they had been quaffing that festive beverage, and again gave their attention to the president.

"It is with great pleasure," he went on, "that I bring before you a new method of adorning our available walls. Its simplicity will, I am sure, at once recommend it to your graces. 'The process,' says the inventor in a paper I have here, 'is the easiest imaginable. First you lay on a good coating of grey. Then you take a large brush and bespatter over it at intervals a great number of brown and white spots—and there you are. . . The results attained are really surprising. The effect to the imaginative eye at a short distance is as of the finest Parian marble, and it is thus admirably calculated to instil into the juvenile mind that appreciation of the beautiful in art which is so necessary to mental refinement. (Sensation.) But we do not anticipate success on so low grounds. It is needless to say that we look far higher. Cheapness will always be among us the prime

consideration, and when I say that these glorious results may be achieved at the trifling cost of sevenpence per acre—(loud and sustained applause)—its unrivalled claims will be at once apparent.’ The inventor has so fully expressed my own views on the subject, gentlemen, that I feel it useless to say more. I can only assure you———”

The hour of twelve here struck in tones muffled by the distance. To my great surprise, instead of quietly dispersing like respectable, well-behaved ghosts, they remained perfectly indifferent, with the exception of one imbecile, bald-headed member, who turned pale, and was incontinently resolving his foolish self into a dew. Withered by a look from the president, he sat down again, rebuked and humble. I was quite at a loss to explain this queer behaviour, until it flashed across me that it was the School Clock I had heard; which fact, inasmuch as that venerable piece of machinery has never within the memory of man kept correct time, and in all probability never will, of course cleared up the matter fully. “I was about to remark, before this unseemly episode,” resumed the chairman, frowning fearfully at his hapless victim, “that the inventor observes that it is not adapted to stand rain; but as the streaky appearance produced by a shower decidedly improves its appearance, this will be rather an advantage than otherwise.”

Finding that his audience were loudly conversing on indifferent topics, he sat down gloomily, and proceeded to recruit his inner man, occasionally casting savage glances at a small knot of people who were being harangued by a dapper little man with a grievance. I listened to his indignant words. He had, it seemed,



been interviewed by a few of the upper boys, who had had the unparalleled audacity to complain of the quality of their fuel. Even the wrathful speaker admitted, though with a sufficiently ill grace, that the deputation had been most respectful, adding, however, that dark hints had been thrown out in an undertone relative to "slate," with further murmurs to the effect that "brickbats" were not precisely the most efficient substitute for "best Wallsend."

"Sir George Mertinns," he exclaimed abruptly to the mild old gentleman previously mentioned, who had been whispering feeble encouragement, "I will not be interrupted in this way. I am sure that Dame Philadelphia, if she were here, would soon put a stop to this disgraceful conduct. The *best* coal, gentlemen," he continued in a pathetic tone, turning contemptuously from the worthy knight, whom he left in a state bordering on drivelling idiocy, "the very best coal to be got for the money. I assure you, Mr. Chairman, that not a penny less than thirteen and ninepence did I pay——" I grieve to say that the laughter and applause provoked by the orator's impassioned eloquence completely drowned the rest of his remarks. Even the mysterious veiled form did not remain wholly unmoved. Surely I could not have mistaken—or did I really hear as it were the ghost of an internal chuckle, and see its shadowy sides quivering with irrepressible mirth?

It was, I think, about this time that the candles which lighted the room began to burn low and dim. Simultaneously the figures become indistinct and faded away. All the objects underwent a strange transformation. The wooden rafters and plastered walls resolved

themselves into brick and mortar. The dusty, choking vault I was now in was illuminated, not by candles, but by flickering gas-jets ranged at equal intervals along the damp and reeking walls. Surely—surely I knew the spot well. And where was the strange form which had been at my side? Looking round, I saw a hazy figure within a few feet. This, too, seemed familiar. “Stay!” I implored, “Stay, dark vision! I adjure thee by all the powers that bind immortal shades, tell me by what name thou art known on the grim banks of Acheron.”—“My name’s Tibbs, if that’s wot you mean,” said this inexplicable creature, hoarsely, “and you hadn’t no bisness to be ’ere this time o’ night. You be off up to your ward.” Catching up a broom hastily, he fled to the inner recesses of the vaults. Was it possible? Could I have mistaken one of our most trusted servants for the—but no! How could I have seen the events and the people I have been describing? There is just a chance that, wearied with waiting, and with the lateness of the hour, I may have dropped off to sleep and been left behind accidentally when my comrades went; and that a train of thought I had been engaged in led to my dreaming the incidents. Incidents which apparently have to do with the school as it was long ago—for do I not hear on all hands that it is at present in the most flourishing condition, and that its liberality is something magnificent?



**To Nellie ———.**

(A VALENTINE.)

*"Ma vie est à Nell (en elle)."*

Now, St. Valentine,  
 Be a patron of mine,  
 And teach me these throbbings to quell !  
 There's a thought in my breast,  
 And it won't let me rest,  
 And the word that it whispers is "Nell."  
 Is it Hope that inspires,  
 Or mere Folly that fires,  
 And tempts me my fortunes to spell ?  
 Says—"In Liking or Love,  
 First thing, and above,  
 All others, one looks for an L."  
 There's an old jeu de mot,  
 Which I heard long ago,  
 About "calling and ringing the Belle,"  
 Well, I can only try :  
 If rejected I die,  
 I shall know that I have "sounded my Nell."

**Jewels from the Nursery Re-set.**

YE CONVIVIALE MONARCHE, COLE.

PERHAPS the chief thing that is associated with Christmas in our minds is the legendary lore of the Nursery. We don't know why it should be so : we cannot suppose that these exciting scenes, concocted for the enlightenment and amusement of the infant brain, took place at Christmas time ; indeed, had it been so, little Bo-peep fully deserved to have lost her sheep for exposing the poor creatures to the merciless frosts and snows of

winter. As, then, Christmas is now drawing near, our minds revert once more to these well-remembered tales of yore; and we propose, for the benefit of those who know them parrot-fashion, that is, who can repeat the words without understanding their meaning in the least, to cast a little light on the subject. Few can be ignorant, for instance, that

“Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he,  
He call’d for his pipe, and he call’d for his pot,  
And he call’d for his fiddlers three.”

We have made long and diligent inquiry—we have read books innumerable—we have studied maps without end—and, do what we will, we have not been able to discover the kingdom whereof King Cole was monarch. Indeed we have been very nearly driven to the discouraging conclusion that, as there are barristers without briefs, doctors without patients, aspiring newspapers (not to say “Chaplets of Literary Jewels”) without subscribers, and sermons without listeners, so there may have been kings without kingdoms, and that Cole was one of the landless potentates in question.

In the absence, then, of anything like national records, we are driven to fall back upon the traditional lines wherein the king is justly celebrated; and these are not so barren as might at first appear.

In the first place we learn that Cole was aged. This fact of itself proves much. There could have been very little Virtuous Indignation in his days; because it is impossible to conceive a person with a well-regulated mind, such as his majesty certainly possessed, surviving such stuff for any length of time. The people over whom his mild sway extended were, therefore, mirthful and happy. They ate, drank, and were merry, without

being told every Saturday by a certain newspaper that all mankind were fools and rogues with the exception of the writer of the article.

Cole was a man of convivial and, for a monarch, rather free and easy habits, as the last two lines of the glorious legend inform us. Cole's age must have been a splendid one. It was an era of pipes, pots, and fiddlers; in other words, of jollity and harmony. What a grand time must old Cole and his people have had of it! We can picture the benevolent monarch ruling, not with a rod of iron, but with a yard of clay; and taking heavy pulls, not at his subjects' pockets, but at their pewter.

A *Court Circular* of the period, after patient investigation, we have, indeed, discovered, and with it we will conclude the laborious, but not altogether unsatisfactory, researches which we have been engaged in, concerning this important subject:—

“COURTE CIRCULARRE.

“1. Ye king Cole did yester daye take hisen usual mornynge draughte of three pottis of stowte.

“2. Afterwardes ye king did smoke ane pipe.

“3. Ye king did spend ye greater parte of ye after-noone under ye table.

“4. After dinnere ye king did readde divers amusing publicationnes, and did peruse ‘YE BLUE,’ wyth the which he was so delyghted thatte he hadde hys name putte down as a *regularre subscribere*!

“5. So ye kinge did merrilye end that daye.”









